



CAMPBELL'S

FOREIGN SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL 16, 1844.

From the Westminster Review for March.

THE PROGRESS OF ART.

1. *The Hand-Book of Taste, or how to observe Works of Art, especially Cartoons, Pictures, and Statues.* By Fabius Pictor. Longman.
2. *The Present State of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England.* By A. Welby Pugin. C. Dolman.

THERE are few subjects which are just now exciting more attention in England than the present state of the Fine Arts, and few on which more has been said and written; but still it does not appear that any satisfactory conclusion has been arrived at on the subject, or that either the public or the artists themselves understand better what is wanted, or what would be the best means of improving their condition or enabling Englishmen to do something more creditable to the nation than has hitherto been produced. In the meanwhile the demand for art is as universal as the interest it excites, and whether it be for the statue or painting with which the rich man ornaments his dwelling, or for the "Penny Magazine" or "Illustrated News," which find their way into the poorest cottage, every class are enjoying the luxury; and it is of an importance not easily over-rated that a right direction should be given to this new-born taste in the nation, working for good or evil to an extent which defies the calculation of the boldest intellect.

It is not, however, we fear, in this point of view that the government at present re-

gard the question, and the parliamentary committees that have been appointed, and the royal commissions that have been issued, seemed to have conceived that it was only the wounded vanity of the nation at seeing herself surpassed in art by Bavaria and other continental states, that made her now demand rescue from the disgrace; and the consequence is, that, having ascertained that art was at a singularly low ebb in this country, (which all the world knew before they were appointed,) they have determined to follow in the steps of the Germans, and try and rival what they conceive to be the splendid school of art that has recently arisen there. The experiment is now being proceeded with, and though it would be presumption to prophesy that it cannot be successful, we have very strong doubts of its realizing the expectations of its sanguine promoters.

At the recent exhibition of cartoons that took place in Westminster Hall in consequence of this resolution, the nation were astonished and delighted to find that English artists could produce as good designs as either the French or Germans, and all have been willing to hail with joy the new era thus opened to art. They have not paused to consider that what could so easily be done by some dozens of artists who never before thought on the subject, or never attempted that style of art, must indeed be a very small and very easy exercise of intellect. They, indeed, who agree with the committee, that, after rewarding the original eleven, there

were still ten more so nearly equal to them that it would be unjust if they too were not rewarded, may rejoice in the nation possessing such a band of Raphaels, and thank the commissioners for having been instrumental in bringing to light such a mass of hidden talent, which, God knows, no man in England ever before dreamt of our possessing, and which certainly never showed itself in the annual exhibitions, or in any paintings these artists had hitherto produced. For ourselves the experiment goes far to prove that it is as easy for an educated artist to produce cleverly grouped pictures of this sort as it would be for any educated man to produce as good verses as ever Pope or Dryden wrote, provided it be understood that knowledge of the subject, and sense, and wit, are not required to form a necessary ingredient in the composition. He knows little of the long thought, and toil, and pain, with which great works are produced by even the greatest geniuses, who fancies that the stuff of immortality may be found in what is done so easily and by so many.

What appears to us, in the present state of matters, to be more wanted than cartoons, is a correcter knowledge of what true art really is—what are its purposes and objects—and by what means these are to be reached. Till a clearer knowledge is obtained on these points than at present seems to exist, we fear that nothing that is really great or good will be done, and it is to this object that we propose to dedicate the following pages; and though we cannot hope within the narrow limits of an article to examine any one of these objects as we should wish, we still hope to be able to place some parts of the subject in a clear light, and to turn attention to others that are often overlooked entirely.

A century ago, painting, as an art practised by Englishmen, could scarcely be said to exist in England; and it is now little more than eighty years since the first public exhibition of paintings took place. At that period the attention of the public, (if the small body of men who then interested themselves in art may be so called,) was more strongly directed to the subject than at any subsequent period till the present, and with strong grounds for hope; for that age produced Reynolds, West, Gainsborough and Wilson, and Hogarth,—men who raised British art from nothing to a palmy state it has not again reached, much less surpassed. The produce of all the excitement of that

time was the establishment of the Royal Academy; and the public, satisfied that in this creation they had done all that was required to insure the prosperity of the arts, forgot the subject, and relapsed into their former indifference; while the academy, feeling secure in its monopoly, and its members discouraged by their inability to rival the great Italian masters, or even the contemporary continental schools, sunk into a corporation of portrait painters, and left British art to seek its inspiration where it could; and as long as their own pencils were fully employed, the academicians seem never to have sought to direct or guide the taste and patronage of the nation to a better and higher style of art than what each individual found most profitable. Both artists and patrons seem to have tacitly acknowledged the impossibility of rivalling their great prototypes, and have even been content to allow that in all that concerned art the French were our superiors, and that we could never hope, (for some good reason or other unexplained,) to possess a gallery like the Louvre, or to create one like that of the Luxembourg or Versailles. The French with all their loud boastings of pre-eminence have not been able to excite in us a spirit of rivalry, nor their sneers at the "*Nation boutiquière*" to rouse us to an energetic attempt to prove that the epithet was unmerited. But when Bavaria, a kingdom which stood lower than ourselves in the scale of artistic eminence, roused itself from its lethargy, and in a few short years, under the patronage of an enlightened prince, and without any greater advantages of climate, (to which we are so fond of ascribing our deficiencies,) produced a school of art which, whether it be really great or not, has at least led to most brilliant results, and given employment to hundreds of artists in every corner of Germany, England could no longer remain apathetic, but began to shake off her lethargy and to dream of the possibility of doing so likewise.

This at least has been the proximate cause; but, if we are not much mistaken, there is a deeper and more home-felt feeling, which, though not so apparent, is the real cause of the present working in men's minds on this subject. If this feeling does exist, we may hope for something great and good, which will scarcely result from rivalling the Germans or copying the Italians or the Greeks.

The first expression of this new-born feel-

ing was once of wrath against the poor old academy, on whom many were inclined to lay the whole blame of the depressed state of art in this country, and to demand that it should rescue us from the opprobrium; since then, however, the feeling has become stronger and more general, and it being admitted that the academy is incapable of doing anything, the subject has been taken up by the nation at large, and something will be done, and, if we are not mistaken, done successfully;—for, looking at what we have accomplished in literature, and the success that has ultimately attended every undertaking to which the energies of the nation have been fairly directed, there is strong ground for hope: but it is almost equally certain, that, before the right path is hit upon, many errors will be committed, and much money and talent be wasted; for, like a man suddenly startled in the dark from a sound sleep, we are yet rubbing our eyes, and trying to collect our scattered senses; but the chances are we take a wrong direction, and break our shins more than once before we find a light, or are thoroughly awake.

In all inquiries of this sort, one of the principal difficulties is to ascertain what is the real cause of the evil; once the seat and cause of the disease ascertained, the physician has little difficulty in prescribing a remedy. But, in the present instance, no two persons scarcely are agreed as to what is the real cause of our ill success in art. If an artist is asked the question, his invariable reply is, "want of patronage," and his partizans re-echo the sentiment. If a gentleman, not particularly interested in the subject, is asked, he answers, "the climate is unfavourable;" and these two causes, under various names, and with such modifications as the idiosyncrasy of the respondent may suggest, fill the one with hope that the evil may be remedied, and satisfy the other that it is no use troubling himself about the matter.

Yet it can scarcely be the former, for no class of artists of any kind were ever more employed or more liberally rewarded and made such fortunes as our architects, and yet architecture is at a lower ebb in this country than either painting or sculpture; and it is a question that has often been mooted, whether more money is not annually spent in this country on pictures than in the highest days of Italian art? Certainly more paintings are now produced and pur-

chased than at any preceding period, and it is scarcely assumed that any great painter is among us creating great works of art which the public cannot understand, and which will only be appreciated when too late to benefit the artist; such things have happened in this country, but could scarcely occur now when the demand for art is so great and universal.

The artist in the present day has an advantage with regard to patronage that scarcely ever existed before; he is not subject to the taste and caprice of one great patron, but, in whatever style of art he feels himself most at home, he is, if successful, sure to find admirers among the public; as the literary men of the present day are sure of finding readers, and, not like their predecessors, forced to flatter and fawn on some great man who would kindly condescend to patronize their works. The absence of this system has produced a far healthier tone in literature, and its re-adoption now would be as prejudicial to artists as it was to poets in former days. What our artists, however, demand, is not this, but government patronage; and in this, we fear, they will be much disappointed: the government of this free country have too much to occupy their minds in the struggle for place or party ever to give that attention to the subject that is requisite; and the continual change of persons in power, and the consequent continual change of tastes and opinions, render it singularly unfit, by its very constitution, for the steady following out of any great system of encouragement of art.

A king or prince might do more; but, in this country, he can only do it as an individual, and not as the absolute monarchs of other countries, who have the resources of their nations more at command. It is to the public that our artists must learn to look for support (as our literary men have learned some time ago). The public are willing to purchase and patronize whatever they can understand, or whatever speaks to their tastes or to their feelings. But they will not buy imitations of other schools when originals are to be had, nor will they buy paintings which nobody understands the meaning of but the painter.

It is absurd to talk of climate, or of the chilling effects of modern habits and tastes to a people who have produced such a literature as ours. It is absurd to say that the countrymen of Spenser, or Shakspeare,

or Milton, or the contemporaries of Scott, Byron, or Coleridge, or Wordsworth are crushed by climate; or that there is anything to prevent our painting as well as those men wrote. If we cannot yet boast of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo, we may rest satisfied with the comfortable assurance that there is nothing to prevent our having painters as great as Shakspeare or Milton were as poets; and if we have no Cornelius, or De la Roche, we may at least have painters of equal merit with modern authors. It is true, however, that the climate is not favourable for the production of naked statues or for the employment of Doric porticos; nor is our religion favourable to the revival of saints and Madonnas; and were there no other sources of the Kalon but these, we might well despair. But our literati, after long wandering in the same paths in which our artists have lost themselves, have at least discovered other sources of inspiration than the mere reproduction of classic models, and have restored our literature to the rank it holds.

Favoured by the most genial climate, and inhabiting the most romantic region on the face of the globe, it was almost impossible that a young and healthful nation like the Dorians could struggle on to independence and civilization without accumulating those images of beauty and of glory, which afterwards shone forth in such splendour; yet they struggled on for centuries before these assumed a fixed or real form that could be embodied for the future. Hesiod first preluded with a glorious drama, and gathering together some of the floating images of beauty with which the minds of his compatriots were teeming, wove them into his early song. But it was Homer who first embodied the poetry of his race, in that immortal song which has been the glory of his nation and the delight of all succeeding generations. It has been disputed whether such an individual as Homer ever lived, and whether this be true or not, the doubt, though scarcely tenable, in this instance shadows forth a truth of no small importance. The *Iliad* was not the creation of an individual, but of the Greek nation; Homer, however, first fixed, in song, those ideas which had long been struggling for utterance; and, embodying the traditions of the Greeks with their religion and their poetry, built the superstructure on which the edifice of Grecian art was raised; and whether this was afterwards moulded into the dramas of Sophocles, *Æschylus*, or Eu-

ripides, or expressed in the lyrics of Pindar or Anacreon,—whether it found a tangible shape and form in the works of Phidias or Praxeteles, or was presented to the eye in the colours of Polygnotus, or of Zeuxis,—all these were but different modes of the same feeling, the result of a sincere and enthusiastic adoration of what was great and beautiful in art.

The flame once kindled, the emulation and rivalry between the different states was sufficient to keep up the blaze, and in this respect again Greece was fortunate; but it required a greater and more glorious cause than this to produce such poetry and such art as Greece has bequeathed to us.

A similar expression of national feeling and of national religion produced the architecture and the arts of our mediæval ancestors, which were nothing more than the reflex and expression of the poetry and power of the people, written in a language which all then understood, and were interested in. And it was a state of things among the young republics of Italy, not very dissimilar from that which had existed in Greece, that produced the Italian school. A man who studies philosophically the history of those times might easily predicate in what respects Italian art would differ from Grecian, as being the product of a people less purely patriotic; of a nation that, with much of the vigour of youth, inherited many of the vices of decay; expressing a philosophy less exalted, and a religion which had temporarily lost much of its purity and perfection. For it is true that in the arts of a country its history is written, and that they are much more faithful interpreters of it than the chronology of its kings; in them the nation speaks for itself, without constraint; and though not quite so self-evident, at first sight, as in the case of Greece or Italy, we will endeavour to show that they speak of us as clearly and distinctly as in any other country.

When in England there shall exist a social state similar to what existed in Greece and Italy at the times we refer to, we may expect similar effects in art as in every thing else; but he has studied the philosophy of art to little purpose who expects that circumstances and causes so widely different as those that now exist in this country can reproduce what other causes produced in other times.

Are, then, the Elgin marbles and our Italian paintings of no use to us? and has all

the money and trouble they have cost us been spent in vain? Most certainly not! As a means of education they are invaluable—as a means to refine the mind, to point out truth as the highest aim, and simplicity as one of the leading characteristics of the highest style of art; for all this, and much more, they are to us of the highest value, but the moment we begin to copy them they lose these properties, and instead of rivalling them we sink into manufacturing machines.

It sounds almost like silliness to remark (though the fact is so often lost sight of) that we are neither Greeks nor Italians, that our religion is not theirs, our feelings of a widely different class, and that our civilization has taken a very different character from theirs; yet we are a great and powerful people, and our history will bear comparison with the history of the proudest nations of the earth; and in literature and science we may be equalled, but few will admit that we have any superior.

Had we turned our attention to the fine arts, and left them only to express what we believed or felt, they might ere this have been as creditable to us as our other works; but they have, till lately, been entirely neglected, and now, when we are turning our attention to them, it is only with a view to imitation.

One other circumstance of vital importance seems to have been overlooked,—that the Greeks as a nation, as well as the Italians, gave their whole energies to the cultivation of the *fine arts*, while we, on the contrary, have devoted ours to cultivate the *useful arts*; and it is a problem that yet remains to be solved, whether any nation can succeed in successfully cultivating both. Certain it is that no nation yet has, and we believe we might add no individual; still there is no *a priori* impossibility in the matter, though it appears, at the same time, to be tolerably certain that the fine arts of so utilitarian a nation as we are must, to be successful, take a much more prosaic turn than the poetic *abandon*, that characterized the glorious days of Pericles and Leo X. Everything with us has, for some centuries back, been taking a more and more practical turn, from which art will scarcely be able to escape. Eloquence, when not addressed to the vulgar and ignorant, has had her wings sadly clipped, and now its highest flight consists of merely the best arranged digest of facts stated in the clearest and fewest words possible. Philoso-

phy admits of no brilliant speculations, no cherished dreams, or bright imaginations. Experience and mathematically deduced conclusions are all that can now be admitted within her narrow portals, and even in religion a cold spirit of inquiry has succeeded to the unsuspecting faith and all confiding trust of former days.

For more than three centuries this spirit has been gaining ground with us, and every year becoming more and more essentially a part of the public mind. Friar Bacon was our Hesiod, and he of Verulum our Homer, who first gave being and form to the gods of our idolatry—the first who fixed the belief, and directed the mind of the people into the path which they have since so steadily followed; Galileo was the Thespis of our civilization; while Kepler, Newton, and Locke, like the three great dramatists of the Greeks, moulded and brought to perfection that great branch of our glorious triumphs which Watt and Arkwright, like Phidias and Ictinus, reduced to fixed and tangible shapes.

There are no doubt many who regret that the civilization of modern Europe should have taken so prosaic a turn, and who would forego our philosophy and our steam engines for a new Parnassus with its legends, or a Parthenon with all its architectural perfections.

We confess we have small sympathy with these *laudatores temporis acti*: but whether they or we are right is not now the question—the thing is done; we are a practical people, worshippers of reason and truth, and cannot now go back and become followers of their sister imagination, or admirers of what we do not believe, and know not to be true. Our energies are and have been for centuries directed to the practical arts, and the same perfection and progress is visible in them now, that was seen in the fine arts of Greece or Italy in their best and most glorious days. Every thing that is now done—every ship, for instance, that is built, every engine or machine made—is, or is meant to be, an improvement on all that was done before: the shipbuilder does not pause first to consider whether his vessel shall be built to look like a Roman triremis or a Venetian galley, and then consider how he may still avail himself of modern improvements and purposes in this disguise; on the contrary, he adopts every improvement that is introduced from every country, and dispenses with every form that is not absolutely necessary, and every

ornament that would interfere with his construction—and he has produced or is producing a thing more sublime than a Greek statue. Go and look at a ship reposing in calm security and conscious power alone on the pathless and almost boundless ocean; or see her in the storm struggling in her might with the fiercest displays of elemental war, and acknowledge that we are a great and powerful race, and dare to conceive and do things before which the minds of the ancients would sink in terrified abasement.

What would now be thought of an engineer who, in constructing a steam engine, should try to make it look like a water-mill or a horse-gin, or some equally irrelevant object? This is not the course they pursue, but every engine is better than its predecessors, though only perhaps in some detail; almost the whole nation still are employed, or at least interested in perfecting steam machines, and our progress surprises sometimes ourselves. If there is to us no poetry in them, it will not be so in succeeding generations, for mankind will learn to envy those who lived in these times and took a part in the great progress of knowledge and power that marks the present century. In the last and greatest of our mechanical triumphs—the creation of the railway locomotive—we have surpassed all that was done before; but it is too near for us to see its greatness: we smell the oil and see the smoke—and more than this, we know the men that invented and the men that make these things, and they are not sublime;—no more were the semi-barbarous hordes who sat down before Troy; but distance has almost deified them, and we certainly deserve more of posterity than either they or their bard.

It is by thus doing with the useful arts what the Greeks did to arrive at perfection in the fine arts, that we have achieved such triumphs. Thus every new work is an improvement on all that was done before—every step is forward. The artisan now watches the progress of his art with the same intense anxiety as in former days the artist devoted to the creation of new beauties in his: there is no retrocession, no wandering about without any aim or fixed purpose, no copying now from Greece, then from Rome, or from Italy, or Germany, or India. There is a meaning and a purpose in all that is done. Power and knowledge are gained daily; and the accumulative energy of nations is advancing science and

art to a point that the boldest imagination cannot reach or even conceive.

It is painful to turn from the contemplation of what we have done by well-directed energy in this path, to contemplate our doings in Art properly so called, which, if it be too strong a term to say they are disgraceful to us, must still be allowed to be utterly unworthy of a great and civilized people. But in this we are not singular, for nations, our contemporaries, though loud in their boastings, are not much better off; and, though they paint acres of showy pictures, have no more real art and no more feeling for it than ourselves. Of all modern nations the Dutch alone have escaped, or nearly so, from the vicious system we have been trying to expose. When the Reformation changed their religion they left off painting saints and martyrs, but they neither stopped painting altogether, as we and the Germans did, nor did they, as the French, turn at once to copy the Italians. Of the latter the good Hollanders had little knowledge, and still less sympathy for their productions; Dutch artists, therefore, fortunately free from extraneous influence, went on painting subjects that interested them and their employers; the sea with its ships, the village with its fun and festivals, and scenes of still life or domestic interests; and if they attempted history they painted their distinguished men and women dressed as they had dressed, and doing as they had done. It was by following this path that the Dutch worked out a school which even now divides with the Italian the admiration of all Europe. Among collectors Dutch pictures generally fetch a higher price than pictures of the same relative value in the more elevated schools, and this without their possessing one single quality which writers on æthetics are in the habit of enumerating as requisite for the production of art; but to make up for this they possess originality, and what is of more importance, truth—truth to nature and to the feelings of the artist who produced them; and though we might wish they had been of a more elevated class, all must acknowledge the charm that arises from these circumstances. And can we not do what Dutchmen have done? There is little doubt that we can do that, at least, and more if we chose to follow the same path. We are a more refined and better educated people; our chivalrous history, and, above all, our national literature, afford us higher and

purser sources of inspiration than they could command; and then there is more demand for art and more leisure to enjoy it in this country than ever existed in Holland. Yet we have hitherto effected but little; for instead of doing as they did, we attempted to start at once from the high grade of Grecian or of Mediæval art, and, as might have been foreseen, we failed. It was not in us nor in our sympathies or our feelings; there are no sources of such inspiration about us. We have attempted a flight from the top of the ladder; we must now go back and begin at the bottom. We must build houses and churches which shall be nothing but houses and churches; we must paint and carve men and women who will be only such, acting as we act, and feeling as we feel; if we paint saints we scarcely believe in, and gods and goddesses we laugh at, and heroes we neither understand or have any sympathy with, it is not likely we shall ever do anything great.

But we have around us other sources of inspiration equal to those that any people ever possessed, and such as will never be exhausted or worked out. No nation ever loved inanimate nature more than we do, or had more opportunities of cultivating our admiration both by land and by sea: but were there nothing else, the novel position in which the chivalry of the middle ages has placed women in our society, is a source of which the ancients knew nothing. Our novelists have seized it, and out of it created a new literature which is read with avidity by every class, and works for good or evil on almost every mind; but our artists think a naked Venus or a Greek triumph, or a saint or martyr, or a holy family, is a thing more likely to interest us modern practical Protestants; and the consequence is we care as little for such art as we would care for literature if it were filled with the same stuff.

Hogarth, and Wilkie, and Gainsborough, and Landseer, and some other of our painters have followed the track we would point out, and they have been by far the most successful, and the only ones whose works will in all probability outlive the fashion which produced the others; their works will be understood and admired when Lawrence, and others are remembered and admired only as portrait painters: for these men spoke of things they knew and felt in a language we can understand, and which will not be lost.

Yet they were not great men, nor such men even as we have a right to expect will one day devote themselves to art. Hogarth cannot stand higher than Butler in our literature, nor could Wilkie take a higher relative place than Allan Ramsay. There are many steps yet unoccupied between Butler and Shakspeare; and the sister throne to that of Burns is still vacant for him who has the courage and the power to mount it. But if our artists would strive in that way, they must recollect how these great men gained their immortality—it was not by copying.

The career of Wilkie is a pointed illustration of what we have adduced. An indifferent draftsman and bad colourist, his great and well-merited celebrity rests entirely on the homeful nature of his subjects, and the truth to nature, and the feeling with which they were treated; but Wilkie was not a great or strong-minded man, and it was almost impossible that he could escape the contamination of his school: had he remained in England, the common sense of the people and the applause they always award to English works, might have kept him free. But his journey to the continent sealed his doom as it has done that of many before him: he became a copyist, an imitator of Rembrandt and Velasquez, and the result we all know too well. Had he travelled in his youth it is probable he never would have risen above mediocrity; but in the prime of his life and zenith of his talents, though the effects were painful, the false system could not altogether destroy him, and he sometimes looked back to his own home and own feelings for his inspiration, and the charm re-appeared. Still the curse of his age was upon him, and he was fast sinking into an academician when he died.

We believe we have now as great men among our artists as Wilkie—men who feel as deeply and read human nature as truly: but, instead of expressing what they or their compatriots feel or know, they are following a false system which can lead to nothing, for there is no truth in it.

Our painters complain bitterly of the unpicturesqueness of modern costumes, and are fond of pleading this as an excuse for their imitations of the classics and Italians. Yet our men fight as bravely, do as great things, and in these strange costumes impress their contemporaries with as much awe and respect as ever the most classically clad Greek

or Roman did his countrymen; and our women, too, feel as strongly, and express, if we mistake not, their feelings of grief or joy with equal distinctness and power.

The costume on the living subject renders no men or women ridiculous, nor prevents them from expressing or doing all that is great or dignified in them, and if we do not find these qualities in our paintings we must look elsewhere for the cause. Be this, however, as it may, painters have been laughed out of the absurdity of painting our kings and statesmen in Roman armour and Roman togas, as was the fashion in the days of Charles the Second or William the Third; but though the public would not now tolerate portraits of Queen Victoria or Prince Albert in these heroic costumes, it is strange, though true, that our sculptors are so far behind the painters that they have not yet shaken off the false fashion. Canova's Napoleon was stark naked; and George the Fourth rides, *sans culottes*, on a horse without a saddle or stirrups, with nothing on but a blanket draped over his shoulders, and a few laurel leaves for a hat; Canning stands in an analogous costume in New Palace yard; and every square exhibits like strange doings, not to mention the funny things in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey.

Chantrey did much to reform this, and most of his statues are dressed somewhat as the persons they represent were in life, (though he is not guiltless of togas,) and we have no allegories or gods and goddesses in his works. His first great production was the "Sleeping Children" at Litchfield, and had he been able to follow up this purely English style of art, he might have rescued English sculpture from the neglect under which it now labours; but unfortunately, the design of that work was not his own, and either from inability to go on in this line, or because he found it more profitable, he sank into a mere portrait sculptor; and we still expect the man who is to Anglicize the art.

Some fifteen years ago, a common working mason, Thom, a native of the land of Burns, made a stride in the right path, which narrowly escaped being successful. His statues of "Tam O'Shanter" and "Souter Johnny" excited more attention and elicited more praise from the public than any works of either Flaxman, or Nollekens, or Chantrey, (except, perhaps, the "Children" alluded to,) and this merely because they were national and true to nature. They were in

the lowest walk, and immeasurably far from being the best that might have been produced in that walk; yet it shows how eagerly we grasp at what is right in art—that, in spite of all the prejudices of our education, these statues, with all their defects should have created the sensation they did; and even now they are more visited—copies of them are more common in Britain than of any work of sculpture, ancient or modern.

In France and Germany they certainly have done more in art than we have done of late years, though scarcely, as we said before, with more success.

When France awoke from the dream of the middle ages, she recommenced art by copying. In literature, Corneille and Racine put Frenchmen into Greek dresses, and by hampering themselves with the unities and other necessary difficulties of the Greek theatre, they and their contemporaries thought they had rivalled, or indeed improved upon the great dramatists of Greece. We, and even their countrymen, now begin to perceive how falsely: that what is good in them is French, and that all that would be Greek is bad. Yet the French are now glorying that they are doing in architecture exactly what their dramatists did in the drama; and in the Madelaine, by hiding a French Christian church in the skeleton of a classic temple, they think they are rivalling the works of antiquity; and it may be a century before we, or at least they, learn to laugh at this.

In painting, their greatest man, N. Poussin, began by translating Raphael into French, and with more success than falls to the lot of most copyists; and Le Seur and Le Brun went on transplanting these exotics to the soil of France. But nothing individual or native seems to have been attempted till the glorious events of the empire, so flattering to the vanity of the nation, first led her artists to believe that representations of them might be as interesting as would be copies of the antique, and so it has proved; and some paintings by Gros, Gérard and H. Vernet might have led to a better era, had they been able to shake off entirely the fetters which their academy and the copying school of David had heaped upon them, which even now their most promising artists cannot break, though every annual exhibition proves that the most successful works are those which differ the most widely from the classic schools.

We are, however, sufficiently aware of the errors of the French school, and have too little sympathy with its extravagances to be in much danger of being hurt by its example; but it is not so with the modern school of the Germans, which is now held up for our admiration on all hands, and virtually forms the model on which we are moulding all that is now going to be done for art in this country.

It is scarcely more than twenty years that some German artists assembled at Rome had taste enough to admire the works of the great masters found there, and vanity enough to think they could rival them. A prince was found impressed with the same belief, and since that time unbounded have been the orders given, and equally so the quantity painted, and all in the highest walks of art. The boldness of the attempt, and the brilliancy of the effect produced, have dazzled the eyes of all Europe; and as no time has been allowed for pause or reflection, the world has not known whether most to admire the liberality or taste of the prince or the boldness and genius of these modern Raphaels and Michael Angelos, who, in twenty years, have produced out of nothing a school of art and works rivalling the best days of Greece or Italy.

But is this really the case? Cornelius has painted acres with scenes from the heathen mythology—with gods he does not believe in—heroes he cannot feel with—and men and women, whom he can neither identify himself with or feel any sympathy for; still they are clever, artist-like productions. He has studied the marbles and paintings of the ancients; he knows in what lines Raphael grouped his figures to produce his effects, and has learnt by heart the rules of colour from the Bologna school. These, intelligence and long study have taught him to combine; and if we are content to dispense with truth and feeling, these will serve our purpose; but if so, the prize poem of an Oxford student should be preferred to a song of Burns, or to the best effusions of a Shelley, a Wordsworth, or a Coleridge.

And so it is with the rest; some paint Christian subjects, and so does Cornelius when told to do so. In fact most of them are ready to execute any order confided to them, Pagan or Christian, portrait or landscape, whichever is most in demand or best paid, they are ready for. We will not presume to say they have not succeeded, or

may not succeed; the voice of Europe is against us; but if they have, we have seen a spectacle that never was seen before, either in poetry or the arts, of men producing great things that they have not felt, and influencing others by uttering what they do not believe.

Overbeck, and Hess, and Hermann, and one or two others, have restricted themselves almost entirely to religious subjects, and from (we believe) religious feeling, so if any thing was good it might be expected from them, had they attempted to express the sentiments they feel; but, on the contrary, they have gone back to the old stiff school of drawing, the glories, and quaint devices, and old architecture of the old German and Italian schools, and having copied their forms they think they have given the substance;—as if a poem printed on bad paper, in old black letter, and as badly got up as in former days, would on that account, without any further merit, rival the productions of Chaucer or of Spenser. In their paintings we have angels playing on fiddles and guitars, and saints with glories, and all the old strange emblems, when none of the painters hesitated to introduce the first person in the Trinity. All these were things which, in the simple faith of an ignorant age, were not only excusable, but respectable, as the expression of the highest faith in art the painter knew; but in an educated man in the nineteenth century the former are puerile absurdities, and the latter a piece of blasphemy as disgraceful to the artist as to the public or patron who admires it.

There are men among these Germans who can and have painted good pictures, such as Lessing's "Convent in the Snow;" Kaulbach has painted some German scenes that rival our Hogarth's; and others occasionally descend from their hobby to truth and nature, but their productions are good, precisely in the ratio in which they are opposed to the principles of the Munich Academy.

The last work of the Germans, and their greatest, has been the erection of the Walhalla; and such has been the enthusiasm and admiration this has excited throughout all Europe, that sober-minded members of parliament have begun to talk of our doing something like it, and we believe that a grant from parliament for that purpose would not only be unopposed, but generally approved of. Yet, if we can do nothing better than re-erect, in a Christian

country, a temple built for, and dedicated to the worship of a heathen goddess, and this as the only means we can think of for doing honour to our Christian fellow-citizens, we confess we shall not be sorry to see the project lie dormant some time longer.

However beautiful the Parthenon may be, the Walhalla does not express one single feeling of the persons it is built to commemorate, nor of those who erected it, except the great truth that they had no art, and if the architect has been as successful as he is generally allowed to have been, he has proved that since the days of Phidias and Ictinus art and civilization have stood still, and religion changed for the worse. For even where the original Greek afforded no copy, owing to the ruined state of the interior, some figures of a different character have been introduced, but these were not, as one might expect, borrowed from the Christian religion; no! but from the barbarous mythology of the Scandinavian tribes. For what, then, have these men lived whose busts are stuck against the wall—"authors, architects, painters, philosophers, and heroes?" If we ask the building, the answer is, they lived in vain; they have left no trace, and nothing has been done worthy of notice since the days of Pericles and Wodin. An equivocal compliment, it must be confessed, to the illustrious, but the best and most meaning that modern art can bestow.

It may, however, be urged, that pictures and statues, and even architecture in this form, are at best mere luxuries, and that if we are pleased and gratified with the production of our artists, the object sought after is attained, and nothing more is required. It is sad to think how often this argument is practically urged, and that, in consequence, those means which might be most efficiently employed to educate and elevate the minds of the people are degraded into mere sensual gratification. But even should this be the case with regard to painting and sculpture, it is certainly not so with regard to architecture, using the word in its fullest sense; this last is a necessary art, one we cannot do without, and on which our comfort, if not our very existence depends. We cannot do without houses to live in—public buildings and halls for assemblies or the transaction of public business; and, above all, we require the assistance of this art in erecting churches, places in which we may conveniently congregate for worship, and

which, at the same time, will mark the honour and respect with which we regard everything dedicated to so sacred a purpose. Notwithstanding this, however, and though the whole nation have and always have had an interest, not only in the private edifices, but in the public buildings erected throughout the kingdom,—while the knowledge and enjoyment of the sister arts have been confined to the affluent and the educated, still architecture is with us at present in a worse position than either of the others, its professors have less title to the name of artists, and its best productions can only claim as their highest praise to be correct copies, or at most, successful adaptations of some other buildings erected in former times, for purposes totally different from anything we at present require.

The cause of this, we believe, will be found to lie, even more directly than in the other arts, in the system of copying, to the exclusion of all original thinking, or, indeed, of common sense; and the reason why this should be so fearfully prevalent in architecture will be found to be principally in the anomalous system in which not only the patrons of art, but the artists themselves have been educated in England.

Since the time of the Reformation, the education of every gentleman's son has been what is termed strictly classical, a knowledge of Latin and Greek has always been considered as an indispensable qualification to the title of an educated man, and, generally speaking, to the exclusion of every other knowledge.

At the public schools the same absurd system is still pursued; and though private institutions have somewhat deviated from this practice, still the interest of public bodies has hitherto maintained a predominant influence over the education of all classes.

Every boy at the age at which he commences his career in life is intimately acquainted with Cæsar and Livy, while the chances are he never read a word of Hume or the military records of his own country: he knows the greater part of Virgil by heart, while it certainly is not his master's fault if he knows more of Milton than his name; and he is flogged into admiring the bad plays of Terence, while if he knows anything of Shakspeare, it must have been by stealth and out of school that he acquired this knowledge. He is carefully taught the

names and properties of every god and goddess of the heathen mythology, their various adventures, and "filthy amours;" but he is left to pick up from his mother, or how or where he can, what little knowledge he may acquire of the Bible or of the history and tenets of his own religion; his education, in short, is strictly and purely heathen, though in a country professing Christianity. Though some shake off the trammels of this false system, the mass of the nation, in the pleasure or business that follow their school years, have no leisure for other pursuits till the season is past, and if then called upon to think on the subject, the attainments and recollections of younger days return with the power and vividness of deeply-rooted prejudices, which few, very few, have the strength to shake off. In his youth he has been taught a literature he cannot adapt, a history he cannot apply; and little wonder therefore if, in his maturer years, he tries an architecture totally unsuited to his climate and worse than useless for his purposes. Did the evil consequences of this system stop here, it would not be so serious as it really is; but thus it is, that in trying to copy and adapt the classical types, we have learnt to be mere copyists; and when we turn our attention to the Italian or Mediæval styles, the false system still clings to us, and correctness of copying is still the greatest merit of every design.

The same absurd system poisoned our literature for more than a century and a half, though, fortunately for us, we have seen both the beginning and end of its influence there. Shakspeare was the last of our great men that escaped it: his own learning was small, and, fortunately for him, his contemporaries had not then forgotten that native art had existed in England as well as in other countries, nor learnt to believe that it could only exist in foreign lands and ancient times. It is true nothing could have destroyed the might of his genius; but had he lived later, we should have been obliged to seek for his gold in the ore of plagiarism instead of having it pure and brilliant from his own crucible. This, however, was not the case with his successor Milton; his vast learning and admiration for the ancients induced him to put his great Christian epic into the heathen garb of its great prototypes, and nine-tenths of the faults that can fairly be found in this work are attributable to this great mistake. Had he known neither Homer or Virgil, but

sung his higher theme in the purity and power in which he felt it in his own heart, his poem would probably have surpassed the productions of his predecessors as far as his subject surpassed them, or as the accumulated poetry of Christianity to which he was to give utterance surpassed the accumulated fables of the heathen.

"Paradise Lost," however, had sufficient power to rivet the chains of copying on all that came after it, and from Milton's time till Cowper first dared to sing of English thoughts and English feelings, and the giant hand of the peasant Burns tore to pieces the flimsy web of conventional criticism in which the corpse of English poetry had been wound.

If any one will take the trouble of reading the "Cato" of Addison, the "Seasons" of Thomson, the "Blenheim" of Philips, or indeed any of the thousand and one poems about Damon and Daphne, or Phillis, or Chloris, or Mars, or Cupid, which formed the staple commodity of poets of that age, he will be able to form a tolerably correct idea of the merit or absurdity of the classical productions of our architects, while the washy imitations of the old English ballads, on which Johnson was so witty, will afford a standard by which he may judge of our modern Gothic churches and mansions, always bearing in mind this distinction, that the one is an innocent trifle, the other a positive and expensive inconvenience. A poet may indulge himself in harmless flirtations with dryads and water nymphs without hurting any one; but a habitation must be either in reality very unclassical or very uninhabitable in this climate, and the whole race of porticos only serve to encumber our streets and darken our windows.

A better state of things has arisen in literature, and our poets are now content to write in English of what they think and feel; and it is not difficult to foresee that we are on the eve of a revolution in art, similar to that which has taken place in poetry, and we only wait the hand of a man of genius and originality enough to set the example and point out the way that all may follow him, though it is true that no one man will be able to effect this, but it must be the result of long-continued experience and exertion, not only on the part of the artists, but of the patrons with them.

If, however, it is to a mistaken system of education that we can trace the principal causes of the degraded state of art in this

country, the same reasoning that points out the cause of the disease, points, as we said before, towards the means of cure; and were a proper system of artistic education adopted in England, we should not be long before its effects would be felt in every branch of art.

The two universities might do much. They might, with little difficulty, lay a foundation of knowledge in the minds of young men who pass through them, which would, in nine cases out of ten, enable the man to become, not an artist, certainly—that is not wanted—but at least a competent judge of art, which on the part of an educated man, would be of much more importance to his country. This seems to have been one of the great objects of their institution, but so completely have the universities been diverted from the purposes for which they were originally intended, that it is a true but melancholy fact that, since the Reformation, they have done nothing for art, either in the way of teaching or promoting it. Richly and nobly endowed, and inheriting from their founders all the privileges that could be desired for the cultivation of art and science in all their branches,—undisturbed by civil wars or political changes—an island of peace in the troubled ocean of the world—what might they not have done during the three centuries they have been held by Protestants?—a tithe of their revenues set aside for these purposes might have formed galleries and libraries rivalling those of the Vatican or Florence; and museums might have been collected such as the world does not know. What is the fact? Their libraries were given them, and ungraciously received, and scarcely a fitting building erected to store them in; and neither university possesses a picture worth looking at; except at Cambridge,—a few left by a patriotic nobleman, who knew the university well enough to take care also to leave money to build a place to put them in (as Dr. Radcliffe had done with his library at Oxford:) and as for statues, go to Oxford and see its statue gallery there; a low damp room, badly lit by an ill-placed window, and there their only collection of Roman antiquities stand in a circle on a few old scaffolding boards. Most of these are inferior, though some may be good, if placed in a light in which they could be seen; and even this wretched collection was presented by a dowager countess to the richest university in the world, and one that devotes itself exclusively to the study of classical antiquity.

Neither university possesses a school in which the theory or practice of any branch of art is taught, and has not even a course of lectures, nor any means by which a young man may either be taught or can acquire the requisite knowledge on this class of subjects.

What they inherited from the dark ages they have tried to preserve without, if possible, ever going one step beyond what then existed; and because only the books of the ancients were then known, the universities have resisted the auxiliary aid which modern arts would afford in completing the limited system of education proposed. To take one instance among a thousand: there is not a tutor in either university who would not shudder at the idea of his pupil not knowing every word of Virgil's description of the death of Laocöon. Every school-boy has been tutored or flogged into an admiration of it; but has any boy ever been taken by his master to see a caste of the famous sculptured group, or had its beauties and its power pointed out to him?

Masters and tutors would laugh at the proposal; yet it is still a matter of doubt whether the marble or the verse contain the original creation, and the marble certainly speaks a more intelligible language than the verse of the Latin poet, and to almost every boy would convey a clearer and better idea of the scene than the ill-understood lines.*

If the education of those who should be patrons of art is defective, that of architects is ten times worse. A young man designing to enter the profession is apprenticed for seven years to an architect, and the choice of an instructor is entirely guided by family connexion or acquaintance, or more commonly by the pecuniary consideration that an architect is willing to take. This period of servitude is spent in copying papers or designs of the most commonplace buildings, and in working out the details of carpentry and bricklaying. If during his apprenticeship he picks up any artistic notions on the

* The two colleges which at present form the university of London, being founded more in accordance with the spirit of the age, seem inclined, as far as they can, to rectify this error on the part of the older universities, and to restore the faculty of arts which has perished there; and for this purpose have established lectures on architecture and other branches of the arts, which certainly will do good, and are a step in the right path, but they have not the influence, nor can they remedy the defects of the great national institutions.

subject, he must have more enthusiasm or better opportunities than fall to the lot of most men. Pupils are taken to assist the master in carrying out his own designs, and to acquire what knowledge might stick to them in so doing: whatever they learn beyond that is their own.

It is true, though strange, that not one of the architects who have done anything in this art to which we can refer with pride or indeed without shame, was educated for the profession. We owe our cathedrals and churches to bishops and priests, with only the assistance of the mason and the carpenter; and even since the revival (as it is called), Inigo Jones was a director of masks, a carpenter, a hobby-horse maker, or something not well ascertained, but certainly did not turn his attention to the art to which he owes his fame till he had reached the prime of life. Wren had acquired an European reputation as a natural philosopher and a man of general science, and had reached the maturity of his talents before he seems to have thought of architecture even as an amusement, much less as a profession. Vanburgh was educated as a soldier, and even through life was a successful dramatic author and speculator in theatres. Chambers was brought up to commerce, and gained his first experience of the world as supercargo of a vessel trading to China. Burlington lived in a sphere which prevented his practising an art he was capable of adorning. And it is to Horace Walpole, the statesman, that we owe the revived taste for Gothic architecture. We pass over such men as Aldrich, Clarke, and Burroughs, though better than many who have earned more fame,—nor will we insist on continental examples, though France owes her best monument—the Louvre—to a doctor of medicine, and all that is great in St. Peter's is the conception of a painter. These were men of genius and taste, unfortunately only in the school of art to which they belonged. They were followed by such men as Gibbs, Kent, Dance, and others, who ushered in the present class of regularly educated architects, while they themselves went on combining Roman details into strange forms, and believing, as sincerely as we do now, that they were producing truly classical works; till tired of the tasteless and unmeaning piles that disfigured every corner of the land, the nation seized with avidity on Stuart's *Delineation of the Ancient Glories of Grecian Architecture*. To a nation that

only aspired to correct copying, that work was invaluable, and every building that was now erected was to be pure Grecian. The portico of the Parthenon, or of the Temple of Theseus, was added to every building that was erected; churches, town halls, prisons, dwelling houses, or shops, no matter for what purpose the edifice was built, how many stories high, or how low, a Grecian Doric portico saved the architect all further trouble: it was classic, and no one could gainsay it: to the present hour this absurdity disfigures the land. But we are getting tired of copying Greek, and the present tendency is to copy Gothic, and in one point of view this is a decided improvement, for that style is a native of, and much more suited to, our climate than the other; still the system of correct copying leads our architects into absurdities scarcely less glaring than those committed in the days of Greek supremacy.

It is in producing these puerilities that the present race of regularly educated architects are so industriously and (for their own pockets) so profitably employed; yet there have been and are men of genius among them, but the system weighs them to the ground, and nothing is done that is creditable or satisfactory.

Soane was decidedly a man of talent, and he saw the necessity of some improvement on the copying system, but he (or his employers) wanted the judgment necessary to perceive how this was to be done; he could not, or would not, go back to the severe and reasonable, and begin *de novo*, but he tried to improve on the Roman forms and Roman orders, and ended, as might have been foreseen, in caricaturing them, for he had no principle to guide him, and no aim.

Nash was also a man both of taste and talent, though perhaps more as a landscape gardener than an architect. His conception of Regent street is bold and masterly, and has set the example of all that has since been done in metropolitan improvement; and it was not till he came to the copying part of his task that he utterly failed; all the classical details, are as bad as bad can be, and badly applied. Without these, his masses are bold and effective, and it is only their addition that gives his works the tawdriness complained of.

Wilkins was another man of the same day, who was capable of better things than he has left behind him. Had he devoted himself to any one line, more especially the

Grecian, he might have been a more elegant copyist than most of his contemporaries, but in conforming with the practice of the day, he attempted every thing, and failed in all.

Sir Robert Smirke has adopted a safer plan than any of these men; his fame rests entirely on the sound masonry of his buildings, and the only attempt he makes at artistic effect is putting up as many Ionic columns as his employers will allow. One drawing made long ago has served for all his porticos, now about to be brought to the acme of perfection in the British Museum, where forty-four of these useless Ionic columns, placed in various rows, are to form the *façade*.

We will not go on to specify the works of each architect where none are satisfactory.

There have lately been splendid opportunities, but all are thrown away. One of the best was the Royal Exchange, for which the locality is the most picturesque an artist could desire, and the nature of the building also most favourable for a good design; but after three competitions, and it must be confessed a more than usual quantity of unfairness and low jobbing, what has been the result? A building that is a risfimento of the theatre at Bordeaux, and the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, with this difference from the latter, that the steeple, instead of being set astride on the roof like a man on horseback, is seated on the rump like a sweep on his jackass; and this variation of design is now thought sufficient to change the house of prayer in the west, into a temple of money changers in the east.*

Club houses have afforded our architects an opportunity of displaying their taste, as

* Of all the architects who competed for this building, not one seems fairly to have grappled with the difficulties of his subject.

The design comprises, first, the hall or court for the merchants to assemble in; next, a number of shops, offices, and rooms of business.

These incongruous materials all the architects tried to combine into one uniform whole, taking generally for a model a classic temple, which the whole was to be made to resemble as much as possible.

Whereas the true plan for making this design would have been first to provide the great hall, with its three or four entrances strongly and boldly marked out, and then grouped around these the offices and shops, as distinct but harmonious parts of the great design; the whole would then have been intelligible, and the irregularity of the ground is singularly favourable for producing picturesqueness and beauty out of such a combination.

favourable as ever fell to the lot of their brethren of Venice or Rome; yet, though from the size of their rooms, and the magnificence of their arrangements, club houses could not escape being palatial, still none of them are quite satisfactory, and even the last and most splendid, the Reform Club, only affords another illustration of a doctrine we wish impressed on the minds of every architect, that when he copies literally, it must be at the expense of convenience.

In the interior of this building, the principal rooms are sacrificed to produce a correct imitation of an Italian cortile, and that this may be correct, the bad Ionic and Corinthian orders of the *cinque-cento* architects are used, though the architect had all the finer and more elegant models of classic antiquity at his hand, which the Italians of that day had not, or they would not have neglected them. It has also been thought necessary to put the staircase in a crooked tunnel, which it puzzles every stranger to find, and having found, to find his way up it, because neither Sangallo nor Michael Angelo understood the modern improvement of hanging stairs. This is correct copying, at the expense of convenience.

The Parliament houses are, however, the great architectural undertaking of the present day. Since the rebuilding of St. Paul's nothing so splendid has been attempted in Britain, and indeed, since Versailles, scarce any thing on the continent can compare with them. We have also the satisfaction of knowing that the design is the best of our best architect, and that instead of the grudging economy that is said to have spoiled so many of our undertakings in art, the expenditure here has been not only liberal but lavish; for had we been content with a plain, honest brick building, with stone dressings, such as would have satisfied our fathers or ourselves a few years ago, we might have had all the accommodation the present one will afford, and better arranged, for 150,000*l.* or 200,000*l.*, whereas the estimates for this one already amount to 1,200,000*l.*, and it will not be finished under a million and a half.

The river front is now nearly completed, and as Mr. Barry declares it to be the best part of the design, we may safely assert that the new buildings, though clad in the very prettiest and best selected Gothic detail, will, when finished, be as much like the bold, meaning, purpose-like buildings of our an-

cestors as the very pretty Swiss peasant girls and very polite brigands and Albanians of our ball rooms are like the rough originals.

Every building of our ancestors expressed in every part the purpose for which it was erected, and with a degree of richness or simplicity suited to its destination; here, with the idea of producing a grand uniform whole, every part has been made externally to look exactly alike. The speaker's house is the counterpart of that of the usher of the black rod, and though the latter is obliged to share his residence with a librarian, that is not to be discovered from the exterior; and equal magnificence is displayed in the apartments allotted to the clerks of the house and all the inferior offices. Indeed, whether it is the great conference hall or the public libraries or committee rooms,—whether it is the Queen's robing room or a librarian's bed room, each is externally the same; and whether the room is fifty feet by thirty, or only fifteen feet square, the stories throughout are of the same height, unless indeed, as has been suspected, some of these fine looking windows are to be cut into two by concealed floors, a falsehood no Gothic architect ever was guilty of, and a meanness which two honest windows would never exhibit.

Where a mediæval architect was called upon to design a hall, one side was made like the other, the windows were like one another and equidistant; if a church, the same thing was done, one transept was like the other, and the north side of the church was like the south, and the whole was made as uniform as circumstances would admit; but then it was one hall, and one church, and it did not occur to our simple forefathers that the best way to make a small church look large would be to make the choir, the church proper,—to make the chapter-house like a north transept, and occupy its place, while the library might enact the part of the southern one; that the refectory and offices might supply the place of the nave, and its clerestory make excellent dormitories, while the chimnies of the establishment might be concealed in the pinnacles of the western towers. A larger and more uniform building might, it is true, have been produced on this plan than on the usual one of building monasteries, where every part told its own story; but should we not laugh at and despise the monks who had attempted so silly a cheat?—yet this is the system on which

our great national edifice is being erected, with this difference, that the one would still show that it was an edifice devoted to religion, while the other might as well be the residence of a king, or a museum, a gallery, a college, or indeed any thing else, as the seat of our two legislative bodies.

It must always appear strange how an architect could have gone so much out of his way to obtain this uniformity, and produce a prevalence of the horizontal lines over the vertical, for not only is this utterly abhorrent from Gothic in every case, but here, where he had a front about eight times the length of its height to deal with, all his ingenuity should have been exerted either to break the horizontal lines, or by bold projecting masses (as at Versailles,) to prevent the eye following them, and thus take off the low street-like appearance the building now has; but, as if to make this still more apparent, the towers, instead of being parts of the river front, so as to give it height, are placed behind it, and disconnected, as if by contrast to make it still lower. It is lucky for the architect's fame that the land front, in spite of his worse judgment, will be broken and varied by the projections of Westminster Hall and the law courts, and will thus much surpass the river front; but it is painful to see the great tower placed so as by its mass to depress and overpower the Abbey and Henry the Seventh's chapel. It would have been difficult to invent any thing that could be more prejudicial to them than this feature, which, if admissible at all, should have been placed where the speaker's house is, at the angle next the bridge. Had this been done, we should not have had the architect coolly asking for 120,000*l.* to rebuild the superstructure at great temporary inconvenience to the public, and permanent detriment to the navigation of the river, and this merely because he forgot the existence of the bridge in making his design, or had not wit enough to know how to counteract the effect of it on the building.

While these things were going on at Westminster. Mr. Barry produced a design for the law courts in Lincoln's-inn fields in the pure Grecian Doric style of the Parthenon!

In comparing this design with that for the Parliament houses, the first thing that strikes the observer is, that one or other of them must be essentially wrong and bad, which we leave for others to decide. There is no difference of climate between the two locali-

ties, and no difference of purpose between the two buildings which could justify so extraordinary a difference as exists between the two designs. At Westminster, all the windows in the river and street fronts are exposed to the sun, without even a cornice to throw a shadow; at Lincoln's-inn, there would have been only eight windows, with a very small portion of wall, on which the sun could shine, the whole building being enclosed in a cage of one hundred and fifty massive Doric columns, so as to be entirely in the shade, an absurdity that would not have been tolerated, and, as far as we are aware, which never was practised, even in the temperate climate of Greece (except in a temple which was not inhabited, and where there were no windows in the walls,) and it can scarcely be conceived how a man could propose such a plan in the gloomy latitudes of Lincoln's-inn fields. On the south front a few pillars might not have been inappropriate; but the north front was to have been precisely the same as the south, and these only differ in extent from the east and west fronts,—all shaded by the same useless colonnades.*

There are law courts now in the course of erection at Liverpool which surpass even these in extravagance, and possess all the beauties and all the defects of the English classical school to an extent never before perpetrated; for here the architect has not only managed to introduce deep colonnades on all the sides of the building that are seen, but, by an excess of misapplied ingenuity, has managed effectually to hide every window, so that on the east front, extending four hundred and twenty feet, three small doors are the only openings by which apparently light or air can be admitted to the interior, and one solitary doorway is the only open-

ing to the south. There is no dome with its eye, no skylight,—all is darkness and mystery. When finished, the building will have the appearance of a vast gloomy mausoleum; no one will be able to conceive how such a windowless pile could be made serviceable to the purposes of living men; yet this mysterious pile is devoted to transactions of public business, and what is still more strange, to the gay amusements of singing and dancing.

Should the government recur to the idea of a classical Walhalla, this is a design infinitely more appropriate to the purpose than Klenze's copy of the Parthenon.

We are far from asserting that Mr. Barry is to blame for what he has thus done amiss; he is a man of taste and talent, and had he been brought up in a better school would have done what would have been creditable to himself and his employers. In copying, as he conceives correctly, and sacrificing everything to the correctness of the copy, he has only done what any other architect would have done in his place; and, had he attempted any originality, he might have let the job pass by him into less worthy hands.

If we only consider what it is we ask of our architects, we shall see how impossible it is that they could satisfactorily answer the calls made on them. Here—an architect is ordered to design an immense pile in pure Gothic; there—another in as pure Grecian; the Duke of Sutherland wishes his country seat to be re-built in the Italian; and Lord Frances Egerton, his town house in the style of Kent or Gibbs. Mr. Barry may have tomorrow an order for a Saracenic or an Egyptian building, or heaven knows what, and great would be the astonishment of his patron if he refused. There is not another architect in London who would not undertake to have the design ready in a month or six weeks; yet do we think of what we are asking? Suppose some learned man, the cleverest and most learned of his day, were to set up for a like universal genius, and one bookseller gave him an order for an epic poem in Greek, after the manner of Homer, and another demanded some books of Latin poems, like those of Horace, a third might wish for an Italian epic, like Ariosto's, a fourth might wish for a German imitation of the Nieblungen, and others might ask for Arabic or Hindoo poems of approved models, while the more moderate would only

* There is something extremely amusing in the *naïveté* with which Lord Langdale, when examined before the Committee of the House of Commons relative to this building, expressed his surprise that the records should here be buried in the vaults of the basement, while at Westminster it was proposed to place them in the ascending stories of a lofty tower. So little did his lordship know of the principles of British architecture, that he thought what was the proper place for them in one instance would be the proper place in the other; and it does not seem ever to have occurred to him that, when in Lincoln's-inn fields, he must consider himself and his records as Greek and in Greece, while at Westminster it was only necessary to consider himself as carried back to the stormy times of the wars of the Roses.

demand correct imitations of Spenser or Shakspeare. Supposing a man were found who could and would undertake all this, he must be a cleverer man than the world has yet produced if even fashion or friendship could induce his contemporaries to read them, and it requires no great gift of prophecy to foresee that few of them would descend to posterity; yet this is not an exaggerated representation of what Mr. Barry has done, and what every artied apprentice of an architect is prepared to do, whenever he is lucky enough to have an opportunity.

It has been lucky for us that the ancients have left us fewer examples of their engineering works than productions of their architects. Our mediæval ancestors indulged but rarely in roads or bridges; and besides this, the exigencies of locality, and above all the exigencies of estimates, which are usually carefully looked at in the utilitarian works executed by our engineers, have allowed them less temptation to copy, and less means of doing so than their brother builders, and the consequence is that they may challenge Rome, or the whole world, to match either the magnificence or the taste of our public works. It is true we possess some "truly Roman works," the taste of which is very questionable; and both Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges narrowly escaped being spoilt by the interference of the architects, who fortunately, however, have left nothing to mark their presence but the absurd Ionic, and Grecian Doric columns that stand on the piers—in the one case supporting an enormously heavy granite parapet, and in the other in company with a most incongruous Roman balustrade. But since those days the engineering interest has acquired a predominance which enables it to walk alone; and in London bridge they have produced a specimen of bridge building, perfect in all its parts, and as yet unrivalled in the world, and this simply because there is not one detail copied from any other bridge, not one ornament applied that had not a meaning, nor one thing added that was not seen to be wanted by the sound sense and mechanical knowledge of its builders; yet there is a magnificence in this bridge amounting even to splendour, and could we point to one building in Great Britain built on the same principles of sound common sense, we should probably have to apply to it the same epithet.

The names of Watt, Brindley, Smeaton,

Telford, and Rennie, or of our Stevensons, Brunels, Lindleys, and Cleggs, are names to which an Englishman refers with pride, and stand in strong contrast with those of their contemporary builders of the present day; the former have contributed, as much as almost any class of men, to the advancement of civilization, and to the glory of the nation, and may almost be said to have created an art which is daily becoming of more and more importance. The latter, on the contrary, have done nothing to which we can refer with unmixed satisfaction, and much that has made us a laughing stock to surrounding nations.

They have created nothing and advanced nothing; yet so closely do these professions approach at some points, that it is difficult to draw a line between them, and to say what works belong to the one, and what to the other; but their mode of treating their subject differs as light does from darkness. The one admits of no rule but fitness and propriety, and the dictates of reason and common sense; the other, copying and disguising, never thinking of what is most fit or most useful, and worshipping the shadow of exotic art.

It has been truly and beautifully remarked by a late German writer, that true art is like a natural flower that cannot exist without root, and stem, and leaves; but false art, like an artificial flower, can dispense with all these, to it, useless encumbrances.

The metaphor, we fear, applies too truly to the arts in this country. We have copied the flowers of every foreign land, and so long accustomed ourselves to their gorgeous brilliancy, that we are now unwilling to turn to the humbler but sweeter scented blossoms of our own native land; and beginning to be dissatisfied with these artificial productions, we are equally unwilling to try and naturalize them, by planting the seeds in our gardens, and waiting the long years that must elapse before a seedling becomes a tree.

ART.

It is a poor compliment to pay to a painter to tell him that his figure stands out of the canvass, or that you start at the likeness of the portrait. Take almost any daub, cut it out of the canvass, and place the figure looking into or out of a window, and any one may take it for life.—*T. S. Coleridge.*

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

DOMESTIC MUSIC.

"DID you say a *grand* musical party, Mrs. Jenkinson?"

"Yes, Mr. Jenkinson," replied my wife, "a *GRAND* musical party; for why should the ample musical resources of our family be frittered away in small tea-drinkings and after-dinner songs? Since Clotilda came back from Paris, and George took lessons of the great German flute-player, we have never given them a fair opportunity of displaying their abilities. Then there is Miss Pollewe, our new governess, a first-rate piano-forte performer, who does wonderful execution, and plays the most fashionable fantasias much faster than anybody I ever heard. It would be a sin to hide all these capabilities under a bushel; especially while Mr. Stokan continues his visit to us; for his guitar will be of great assistance. Then we can have concerted pieces, if assisted by our neighbours the Goodsons: the old gentleman's violoncello and Charles's violin will chime in charmingly. A duet or two, or a few glees, will make a pretty contrast; for Maria Goodson and Clotilda warble together delightfully; and Mr. Bamble, (the attorney, you know,) sings bass, they tell me, quite as loud as Lablache. Thus you see, my dear, we can muster a strong musical force, which will, with a sprinkling of professionals, enable us to get up as grand a concert as anybody would wish to hear."

"And who *do* you wish to hear it? Is it to be a meeting of musicians solely? Because if you can do without me——"

"By no means," replied Mrs. Jenkinson, spreading out her fingers to count up the invitations. "In the first place, it will be an admirable opportunity of asking our Scotch friends, Sir Fergus and Lady Mackintosh. Besides, Miss Mackintosh, being a native of Scotland, sings Burns's songs; and though they are a little out of date, I daresay I can persuade my friends to listen to one of them. Then the Johnsons are all amateurs; and so are the Browns—a large but extremely musical family; and the Hollingses, (by-the-by, young Hollings sings comic songs;) and the Whitbreads—all *influential* people, Mr. Jenkinson, whose friendship, (aside from musical considerations,) it will be to our interest, for the sake of our young folks, to cultivate."

I will say this for Mrs. Jenkinson, that,

however her vision may be dazzled by the glories of party-giving, she invariably keeps one eye wide open to business. For this reason she overlooked an addition to the concert, which, in my opinion, would have contributed a main charm; namely, two cousins of mine, Rose Parker and her brother, who sing ballads in a most pleasing manner. The fact is, they were very excellent individuals, but had no "influence," and so were left out. "Besides," said my wife, "they don't know a note of music, and only sing by ear. However, that will make them very good listeners; and they shall be asked, if you wish."

During the interval between the planning and the execution of my wife's project, our house might have been likened to the Royal Academy of Music during practice hours. In one room my daughter was rehearsing duets with Maria Goodson; in another, George was incessantly double-tonguing on the flute; Stokan twanged his guitar in a third; and as for Miss Pollewe, the clatter she kept on the new grand piano was absolutely deafening! I endured this concatenation of discords for three days like a martyr, but at the end of that time, thought it expedient to *create* an important matter of business with a relative in Kent, with whom I found refuge till the evening of our grand concert.

When it arrived, my wife's arrangements appeared to be perfect. Returning only time enough to dress, and to receive our guests, I found every thing in order. The grand piano was drawn out into the middle of the room; a bass viol was placed against it; and George's flute—the silver keys of which had been polished as brightly as our best teaspoons—adorned the top; upon which it rested beside a fiddle and several leaves of manuscript music. In short, the piano only wanted the addition of a tambourine to resemble a music-seller's sign, or that picturesque ornament which he usually places upon his bill-heads. Underneath stood a couple of Canterburies, well filled with music-books. Music-desks graced the four corners of the room, and were prettily embellished with coloured candles ready to be lighted. Miss Pollewe fluttered with anticipations of the sensation she hoped to create in her wonderful fantasia; my daughter declared she was never in better voice, and to prove it, kept singing ah! ah! ah! ah! whilst George insisted upon letting me hear how capitably he could bring out his low C, till I

heartily wished some of the guests would arrive to put a stop to these unpleasant preliminaries. This they did in due time; that is to say, at about the hour when I usually retire to rest.

The announcements, introductions, coffee-sipping, and other non-musical preludes, passed over as usual. At length that dead silence occurred which invariably takes place when something is expected to be done. Mrs. Jenkinson broke the ice by asking Mr. Stokan to oblige us with a grand concerto on the guitar. This he could not think of doing while there were so many more able musicians in the room. Miss Julietta Brown was appealed to—she had a slight cold; Charles Goodson felt too nervous to give his solo so early in the evening; Miss Pollewe, the governess, regretted she could not commence the concert with her fantasia, delicately hinting that she declined being made a stop-gap. In short, though they had all confessedly met for the purpose of performing and hearing music, not one seemed inclined to open the concert. I say “seemed,” because in one or two instances the refusal was manifestly a mere pretence; for, while saying “no,” the negatists were, to judge by their countenances, dying to show off. At length my daughter sat down to the piano, and sounded the first chords of the grand duet. I daresay the singing was very fine, for those of the auditory who had the reputation of being good judges listened attentively; but it struck me that Clotilda, in attempting the high parts, made a noise not unlike screaming. This a neighbour explained, by saying that the poetry, (it was Italian; but the singers’ odd pronunciation prevented me from making out a word,) was expressive of a lady intensely alarmed and distressed, and I was bound to endure the ear-piercing, because it was perfectly in character with the poetry. Presently, however, the strain changed to a very lively measure, and the word “*gioia*” occurred incessantly; but still the screaming went on, though both singers professed themselves to be full of “joy.” Great applause followed, and the ladies retired to their seats, blushing with the weight of the honours thrust upon them. I could see, by the expression of satisfaction on my daughter’s face, that she thought she had sung to perfection one of the most difficult Italian duets extant.

“Well,” I said to a person near me, “my taste is perhaps depraved, but I prefer a sim-

ple ballad to the most complicated music that ever was written.”

The individual addressed I had never seen before. He was one of my wife’s importations. He looked at me with a sort of pity, and asked if I had ever heard Grisi and Cadadori sing the duet we had just heard. I had not. “Then, sir,” he replied, “do not blame the music for not pleasing; it is the execution of it which has in the present instance prevented its charming you. The young lady who sang the soprano part has not nearly capability sufficient for such music. Her voice is, I daresay, very well suited to a ballad which does not require a great compass; but the duet is vastly beyond her powers.

“Then I am to attribute my distaste not to the badness of the music, but to the unskilfulness of the singing?”

“Precisely!”

We were startled out of our conversation by Miss Pollewe, who had commenced her concerto. It began with a noise like a clap of thunder, that being immediately followed by the semblance of a very long streak of lightning, effected by a run over every one of the keys from the bottom of the instrument to the top. A continual rumble was afterwards kept up among the bass notes, with only a few squeaks now and then from the high ones to enliven it. After several minutes occupied in that way, there came what my neighbour told me they call a “*cadenza*,” to perform which the country-dance evolution of hands across, down the middle, and up again, was frequently gone through upon the keys. This, I supposed, was the conclusion; but, to my surprise, the indefatigable player still went on, and I was told she had only just ended the beginning, or “introduction;” and had got to the “slow movement;” though why they called it so, I could not make out, for her left hand was working away as fast as ever. Then came the “quick movement,” after which I left our governess scampering over the keys somewhat after the fashion of a cat upon a hot floor; for, being heartily tired of it, when I found that a third measure was commenced with no hope of its being soon over, I continued conversing with my neighbour. “Ought I to be pleased with *that*?” I inquired.

“It is purely a matter of taste,” was the reply—“a matter in which every one differs. Some like music which interests the

feelings or delights the ear; others, again, prefer feats of dexterity which please the eye, while watching how rapidly a player can move her fingers, and how many showers of notes she can pour out in a second." What else my informant said I was a stranger to, for his voice was completely drowned by the "Coda" (as I understood,) or grand wind-up, which our governess was thundering out with the most laborious energy. At length she actually left off, and the effect produced by the stoppage was singular. Her performance had been of such long duration, that the patience of the auditory had (as in my own case) fairly given way, and when they could keep silence no longer, they sought refuge in conversation. During the piece, the sounds of their voices were politely varied with those of the music, so as not to interrupt it; but at the finishing passage, they were obliged to talk very loud indeed, to make themselves heard to one another; and when Miss Pollewe concluded rather unexpectedly, she found, instead of silence only broken by applause, that the whole company was engaged in a series of animated conversations, apparently of so interesting a character, as to require some little vociferation, and scarcely to be interrupted by the cessation of her hostilities from the piano-forte. I afterwards heard from my daughter that Miss Pollewe was, poor girl, extremely mortified at this result of several years' hard practice, and made an oft-quoted comparison concerning the casting of pearls, which expressed any thing but respect for her auditors, or composure in her own mind.

The succeeding performance was a strong contrast to the last. Instead of being too loud, it was too soft; for my son and his mustachioed master obliged us with the grand overture to *Zauberflöte*, arranged as a duet for two flutes! It passed off exceedingly ill; for, after listening to a few bars, the auditors took not the smallest notice of it, and went on talking as if nothing was happening. This confirmed Miss Pollewe in her opinion of us; and finding that George was so much in her own situation, she went up to him, and kindly patronized his performance by calling it "very pretty." Like most persons who have done any thing ill, my son tried to show that the failure was attributable to every thing but himself. Having exhausted his complaints of the tasteless character of the party, he turned them upon

his master, whose fast mode of playing, he said, put him out. He wound up with a third excuse, which had at least the merit of originality; declaring that, before commencing, "he had sprained his B flat thumb."

By this time our party was changed from a musical one to a *conversazione*. The dialogues, being carried on in small detachments, created a far from harmonious effect. The stranger—who my wife had by this time informed me was Mr. Sawyer, a musical professor of the old school—declared that the sound of so many voices reminded him of a Dutch instead of a "grand" concert, and declared that our guests had formed themselves into a huge *pot pourri*, which he interpreted to mean a medley. Poor Mrs. Jenkinson looked round with the rueful despair of a schoolmaster who, do all he can, is unable to keep his pupils quiet. She evidently feared that the auditory had closed their ears to her charmers, though half their efforts remained to be made. At this moment Mr. Goodson, senior, sounded one of the strings of his bass, as if by accident, which had the desired effect of reminding the hostess that the time for him and his son to show off ought to be considered as having arrived. She took the hint, and presently we were so severely assailed by the tuning of fiddles, that some stopped their conversation, and others their ears. A trio by Beethoven followed, Maria Goodson taking the piano part, and much to the horror of Mr. Sawyer, who, after a few bars, declared that he could not conscientiously remain to hear his favourite composer so wofully mangled, and left the room with precipitation. Fearing our noises had driven the honest man out of the house, hospitality demanded I should follow, and endeavour to apologize and detain him to supper. I did so, and found that my fears were fast being realised, for he was inquiring for his hat.

I had taken a sudden liking to the old musician, and persuaded him to have a short *tête-à-tête* with me in my study; for I was sure something was radically wrong either in my wife's arrangements, or in the performances of her guests, and was desirous of enlightenment on the subject. "The fact is," began Mr. Sawyer, when we got into the sanctum, "the present generation mistake altogether the aim and end of domestic music. It is the common practice to make attempts which can never be realized. Instead of being content with such composi-

tions as are within their powers, they murder music which was originally written for the most eminent and skilful performers of the age, and thus beget a disgust for the higher flights of musical genius amongst many listeners who would otherwise enjoy and cultivate it." "But surely there are some amateurs who are able to perform the best music creditably?"

"Very few; for the incessant application required to make a good practical musician would encroach too largely upon studies which are far more necessary for young people just entering life. Besides, music may be very good, and still simple; such being the class of compositions best adapted to amateurs, because they are able to perform it creditably to themselves, and with pleasure to their hearers." A new idea broke in upon me as regards my own children, and having received sufficient information to enable me to take a new course for their future musical studies, we returned to the drawing-room.

There we found a great change. All was silence and attention; the cause of it appeared to be, that Miss Mackintosh had consented to sing. Now, this young lady was the daughter of our most "influential" guest, and as every one in the room had been made fully aware that her father was a baronet, they felt bound to accord to her every attention. The song having been chosen, it became a question who should accompany her voice on the piano-forte. Several were asked, and all declined. Miss Pollewe made it a point, she said, never to play music she had never practised. This puzzled me. "Surely," I remarked, "a young lady who can move her fingers so rapidly can play *any thing* which may be put before her." Mr. Sawyer smiled, and hinted his belief, that although our governess, by dint of meretricious trickery, could rattle over the keys with great rapidity, "yet she cannot, in all probability, *read* a bar of music correctly at first sight." And this the event proved; for, dreading her deficiency might be detected, Miss Pollewe trusted to our ignorance, and consented to play; but she filled the symphony of Miss Mackintosh's song with so many mistakes, that the trembling singer could not begin. I persuaded my friend to fly to the rescue, which he did, and the beautiful air came out from under his experienced fingers with great expression. The fair singer's voice was not a strong one, but plaintive. The words of the song were

by Burns, and were heard as distinctly as if they had been spoken; the singer threw her feelings into the melody, and the pleasure I felt at her performance I cannot describe. Though old and unsentimental, I could scarcely refrain from tears. Nor was I the only person thus affected. Even the superfine instrumentalists and Italian singers stood spell-bound. Miss Mackintosh was unanimously desired to sing the same song again, to which she consented with graceful readiness.

The beauty of the Scotch ballad was rendered more palpable by what followed. Mr. Bamble, having been requested to exert his vocal powers, did so to the fullest extent, by singing a flourishing Italian scena with a degree of vociferation almost deafening. Though the piano-forte accompaniment was nearly as loud as Miss Pollewe's performance, he completely drowned it. People tried to converse with each other about the middle of the deafening display, but gave the attempt up as hopeless.

Wishing to hear more of the kind of music which had so much pleased, I got permission for Miss Parker to give a specimen. Nearly the same effect was produced as that achieved by the Scotch lady; and I began to think—as I knew my cousin was ignorant of music—that to learn that science was a detriment rather than otherwise. This notion was almost confirmed, when I exclaimed to Miss Mackintosh, while taking her down to supper, "What a contrast your and my cousin's style of singing present to that of my daughter! Of course you have learned the art for a very long time?"

"I never had a lesson in my life," replied the lady.

Supper passed off, and when the ladies retired, we had songs. I enjoyed them extremely. Why should this be? Why should the musical efforts of my friends have been so unendurable in the drawing-room, and so pleasing after supper?

"I'll tell you," said Sawyer; "they have now sung naturally, without effort, and unshackled by difficulties they are unable to conquer. Nature surmounts what a limited amount of art only mars."

"Then, according to that theory, all the fees I have paid Clotilda's singing-master have been thrown away."

"By no means, if she would condescend to bring what has been taught her to bear upon music which is within the scope of her

vocal powers and musical knowledge. In like manner, your son, if he would oblige us with a simple melody on his flute, will, by the same rule, please us much better than he did by the overture to *Zauberflöte*."

The guests now rose to depart, and so ended our grand concert. We never gave another. We have parted with Miss Pollewe; and Clotilda has packed away all her Italian pieces, and practises native songs.

From Frazer's Magazine for March.

THE TURRET-CLOCK.

IN the land of pine-forests, charcoal-burners, diablerie, and metaphysics, flourished the Baron Von Schwagger. A redoubtable personage was the baron, as fierce, grim, and mysterious as all the *dramatis personæ* of *Der Freyschutz* put together. He lived in a black forest, (of course;) in a gloomy old castle; (equally of course,) the ruins of which, by the way, are generally much admired by Cockneys going up the Rhine. The walls of this castle were very thick, being typical of the baron's skull; and the water in the moat was very muddy, being typical of the baron's brains. He cultivated huge mustachios, and ensconced his nether extremities in a couple of vast leathern buckets, which were supposed by the well-informed to have been constructed upon the model of the seven-leagued boots of a still more remote antiquity. All day long the baron hunted boars in the woods, and the major part of the night he spent in listening to songs celebrating his own exploits, chanted by divers disinterested gleemen whom he maintained for the purpose; and in quaffing, at marvellously short intervals, huge draughts of Rhenish. This course of existence was, however, somewhat monotonous; so the baron varied it by the elegant and amusing recreation of burning down the castles of sundry weaker barons, and transferring their treasures, (when they had any,) to his own, thus pleasingly illustrating the philosophical dogma, that right is constituted by might. Now and then, also, the baron, in the exercise of the duties of hospitality, gave every rich burgher whom he could lay his hands on a very pressing invitation to his castle,—that is, to the underground part of it; and if he did receive from such persons, in return for his delicate attentions, certain heaps of filthy lucre, every body knows that fair exchange is no robbery,

and that even a fortnight of darkness and bread and water ought to be honestly and accurately paid for.

The baron's castle was strong, his domains broad, and he entertained a company of sturdy men-at-arms for the protection of both. Hard-drinking, hard-fighting desperadoes, they were ripe for all sorts of enterprises, from stealing fowls from their roosts to carrying off nuns from their cells; and quite ready to slit any man's windpipe who should dare to utter a sentence derogatory to the dignity and the grandeur of the Baron von Schwagger.

And, truly, there was considerably more weight in the living arguments by which the baron could back his claims to the castle and lands of Schwaggerberger than there was in the said claims themselves. Dark rumours were circulated of the ways and means by which the baron had stepped into his possessions and his power. Dread and fearful stories were whispered over the winter hearth of the mysterious disappearance, when an infant, of a certain Rudolph Wolfstein, who, had he lived to manhood, would have been the rightful baron. Honest men accordingly shook their heads when the subject was mentioned; but, as there were very few of that species of humanity located in the neighbourhood, the baron had little to apprehend from them: indeed, he had made a striking example of more than one propagator of the scandal we have alluded to, having walked them over the battlements of the castle, whence they would inevitably have fallen a tremendous height to the ground, had not ropes been considerably placed round their necks, which polite attention happily averted the catastrophe in question. Among most of his neighbours, however—that is, amongst those whom he never plundered, because they had nothing to lose—the baron was on the whole a popular man.

His beer was strong; his sack, and canary, and Rhenish of full body and fine flavour. The presiding deities of the buttery hatch were liberal in their distribution, and all the knaves and varlets, (as it was the polite fashion of the middle ages to dub gentlemen of the humbler classes,) in the vicinity were quite ready to swear by the Baron von Schwagger.

Now the baron had one fair daughter, Christine; a lovely creature was she in person, and pure and gentle in mind. She

sprung from the baron as a tender sapling from a gnarled old trunk, green, and fresh, and beautiful. She moved like a spirit of light amid the forbidding gloom of the massive old castle, stilling by her presence, as by a spell, the coarse words and ribald jokes of her father's retainers, who bent their iron-bound heads and made uncouth obeisance when she glided into the hall. The swallows who built under the "jutting-frieze" of the windows of her "bower," (as they called a damsel's bedchamber in the middle ages,) would feed all confidently from her hand; and even the blood-hounds, chained in the court, whined as she passed, and wistfully fawned upon her. Abroad she seemed the sweetest blossom in the wood, and at home the fairest ornament of the hall. Low and silvery were the tones of her voice, as distant bells; and when she sung, her notes rung clearer than those of the harp she touched.

On the day on which Christine attained her eighteenth year the baron gave a mighty feast in honour of the event, having plundered a neighbouring potentate in order to furnish the wherewithal. Banquets in the baronial halls of the middle ages have been described so often that we need not tarnish the laurels of Sir Walter Scott by repeating the delineation. Every one knows that they contained a vast store of the elements of the picturesque; lofty arched roofs; dark, time-stained oak carved into fantastic shapes; armour; swords; battle-axes; hunting spears glancing in the flickering light of torches; the dais of the hall; antique salt-cellars on the tables; the rush-strewn floor; the guests so fierce and warlike; the mustachios, daggers, doublets, and embroidered cloaks of knights and squires; dark cowls of monks; sober jerkins of burghers; flaunting garbs of minstrels; party-coloured vestments of jesters; serfs with iron collars; seneschals and sewers with white-tipped wands; great venison pasties; flasks of malvoisie and sack; grim-looking boars' heads; and huge blood-hounds, skulking round the hall, scenting the game on the table which they had pulled down in the forest. Such are the raw materials, which, when properly put together, would constitute a picturesque description of the feast of the Baron von Schwagger.

Very early in the evening, Christine, in whose honour this vast collection of eatables and potables,—friars to bless them, and men of all degrees to demolish them, had been

made, retired to her bower; and her venerable papa and his "goodly companie" set to, in modern phrase, to "make a night of it." Never was there such a desperate consumption of sack, and canary, and Rhenish, and strong ale, and eke strong waters, known within the walls of Castle Schwaggerberger; and that, as the seneschal remarked, was saying a good deal. The drain upon the celiar was truly awful; flasks, stoups, every available utensil in the castle was put in requisition to contain the floods of good liquor which the baron's guests seemed never to tire of quaffing to the lasting honour and glory of the renowned family of the Von Schwaggers; and if all the toasts which were drunk expressive of the intense solicitude of the drinkers with respect to the baron's personal health and long life were duly heard and favourably received, there appears to be no manner of doubt but that the baron would be hale and hearty to this good day.

The night was far advanced, and the revelry had nearly reached its height; the minstrels sung with the most desperate energy; the baron's fool rattled his bells and waved his bauble with a perseverance worthy of a better cause; all were talking together, with the exception of those who, having fallen from their seats, were making themselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit of on the floor, when the baron shouted, with a voice like that of a dozen of Stentors rolled into one,—

"Broach another pipe of malvoisie, ye loitering knaves! See ye not my guests lack wine?"

"Ay!" vociferated a famous captain of Lanzeknecht's, and a noted toper, "broach another pipe, and by'r ladye we'll see the bottom of it before the sun peeps over the Brocken, were it the tun of Heidelberg!"

A roar of acclamation hailed this satisfactory prophecy.

"The bottom of a wine-vessel is a sorry sight," said the baron; "I never wish to see it."

"Take my advice, and thou never wilt," observed the jester.

"How mean you, sir fool?" said the Lanzeknecht.

"Marry, never quaff the contents," chuckled the fool.

"That were a specific unworthy of a wise man," said the Lanzeknecht.

"I never addressed it to such," replied the jester.

"Fill up higher, the foul fiend take ye,—higher!" exclaimed a young man near the baron, whose flushed face and thick utterance gave evidence of his potations. "Fill up!" he said impatiently, to the sewer who poured a flood of wine into his goblet; "'tis the first-fruits of the new cask, and I devote a deep draught to the fair Christine!"

Down a hundred throats went the contents of an hundred goblets; and up, as soon as the liquor would permit, came a volley of shouting which made the old roof ring again. A momentary pause succeeded this ebullition; and then, from the lower end of the table, rose the sounds of a hollow, sepulchral voice which startled the listeners, as though it had proceeded from the tombs,—

"Time waneth; the gray dawn will be over the forest anon."

The immediate neighbours of him who spoke shrunk instinctively from the owner of the ghastly voice, and many a pair of eager eyes were turned towards him. Even a select party of gentlemen under the table, who had been performing an ancient German edition of "We won't go home till morning," came to a full stop, and gazed as well as they could upon the stranger. He was an old man, with reverend features, yet lighted up with an expression of deep cunning and watchfulness. His keen grey eye twinkled incessantly, and his closely compressed lips gave token of the firm and resolute spirit which spake through them. A long beard descended to his breast, and the garments he wore were loose and flowing.

"Time waneth," he repeated; "the gray dawn will be upon the forest anon."

"Time!" echoed the baron at length. "Time! Who cares for time? It was made for slaves, and we be free men."

A loud shout hailed this magnanimous sentiment, albeit some of the drunken vassals who joined in it felt the iron collar of serfdom sit inconveniently upon their necks.

"Time waneth," repeated the mysterious stranger, with unchanged voice and attitude; "the hours slip by."

"Let them," said the baron; "who reckoneth or careth for their progress? They will not drive me from the wassail bowl. Let them take their course; I will take mine."

"Yours is theirs," said the stranger;—"and yet, I pray thee to prepare,—for thy time below is drawing to a close!"

"Sirrah!" roared the baron. "How darest

thou break in on our revelry with this ill-omened croaking? What art thou?"

"An astrologer," was the reply. "I know the secrets of the stars," he added.

"What have they taught thee?" asked the baron.

"That the sand in thy glass is nearly run," said the astrologer.

The baron was somewhat startled at the solemnity of manner of his unbidden guest, but he recovered himself, and said, scoffingly,—

"Doubtless thou thyself wast born under a wise planet!"

"Nay," interposed the jester, who put in his oar upon all occasions, "he was born under no planet at all, but under a hedge."

A laugh followed this sally.—People were easily entertained in the fifteenth century.

"Bah!" quoth the baron, emptying a stoup of wine; "I laugh at thy prophecies. This day month I will hold another feast, and to it I bid all my present guests."

"It may not be," returned the astrologer; "the everlasting wheel of time moveth round; thy scoffs will not stay its progress. I tell thee, baron, that by the time the sun hath attained the meridian of the heaven on the day thou hast named, thy body will be lifeless, and thy soul—umph!—" the astrologer shrugged his shoulders after a fashion which finished the sentence in a manner more intelligible than agreeable.

"Thou art but a lying knave and an impostor!" said the incensed baron; "but thine audacity shall not escape its punishment. Beyond the walls of the castle thou stirrest not for a month, and—and," he continued, a bright idea striking him (a very unusual thing, be it remarked, with the worthy baron,) "I shall have that new-fangled invention of which we have heard, and which, men say, telleth by the sound of a bell the progress of the hours—a clock. I shall have one such erected in the highest turret of the castle, and if I live but ever such a brief space after the time thou hast designated, thou, friend, shalt make but one step from the top of the battlements to the bottom of the moat. Thou seest I can tell fortunes as well as thou, most sage astrologer!"

The student of the stars looked for a moment rather put out by this unexpected recital of his prospects at the end of the month, but he recovered himself, and, bowing his head with an air of deep submission, said,—

"Be it so; I trust the stars!"

This strange incident had, naturally, the effect of putting a damper upon the hilarity of the revels. It was in vain that the baron strove to be facetious, and swallowed deep draughts of wine, the words of the astrologer rung ominously in his ears. Those of the company who were not too far gone to be recalled by any occurrence, however marvellous, were a good deal sobered by what they heard. They conversed in groups of threes and fours, pointing now and then to the astrologer, who sat, with his chin resting upon his breast, involved in deep thought; and after he was removed to secure quarters, they gradually dropped off, one by one, to the dormitories which had been provided for them, and, lo! the baron was left alone.

"Umph!" he said, walking round the hall "'tis very strange, I don't feel comfortable. The knave looked most unpleasantly solemn. However, I'll go to bed, and sleep upon it." And the baron stalked along, bestowing hearty kicks upon the insensible drunkards who were stretched upon the floor. He paused for a moment at the door, mentally debating the point, whether or not he would hang the astrologer at once, as a relief to his feelings, and a striking termination of the evening's festivities. He decided, however, in the negative; and, as there were no bed-room candlesticks in those days, he took a torch from the hand of a yawning attendant, and walked off to bed.

That night, however, the baron slept but little.

* * * * *

Time slipped by, and the baron remained marvellously ill at ease. He put the blame upon bile—nerves had not then come into fashion—but the whole castle easily divined the cause of their lord's inquietude. The boars and wolves had a complete holiday, and as there was nobody to stick spears into them, they throttled each other for a change; the baron's steeds yawned, and shook themselves impatiently in the stables, and the baron's retainers performed the same operations in the hall. Never had there been such dreary times in Schwaggerberger Castle. The long corridors seemed more dim than ever—the windows appeared to be inlets for darkness rather than light—every shady nook was tenfold more gloomy than before—the chimneys smoked consumedly—the rain pattered monotonously—the wind howled dismally among the turrets,—every thing seemed out of sorts, and every body out of hu-

mour; even the fair Christine was pensive—the astrologer rapt and silent—knights and squires yawned and slept, cursed and swore, and told and listened to dismal ghost stories—the jester forgot his calling, and as for the baron, he scowled and moped, and if he did rouse himself for a moment, it was only to "blow up" the first unfortunate vassal he placed his eyes on. In short, the King of the Blue Devils might have appropriately fixed his court in the castle of the Baron von Schwagger.

At length, however, there was a partial clearing up; changes, now and then, came over the baron's mood. He was sometimes quite bold, and tried to reason himself out of the dim, ill-defined apprehensions which pressed upon him, and he would feel quite sure he had succeeded; he was in good health, and there could be no mistake about his appetite, for he would demolish a huge pasty, by way of making sure of the fact that he could really take his meals as he used to do, and then, contemplating the wreck he had made, with much inward satisfaction, he would throw himself back in his great chair, swallow a stupendous draught of spiced wine, and begin to feel quite comfortable, when his eye would suddenly rest upon the astrologer, poring over a mysterious parchment, whereon cabalistical characters were traced, or, if it were night, gazing intently through the window upon the stars, on which he placed such reliance, and straightway all the baron's inward misgivings would return; he would scowl terrifically, thrust the wine aside, scratch his head, and incontinently kick whoever happened to be nearest to him.

The baron, however, was by no means unmindful of the intention he had announced with respect to the clock. He stuck firmly to his whim, and a young artist speedily arrived from Strasbourg, with all the necessary means and appliances for the erection of a huge castle time-piece. Gasper, for such was the mechanist's name, was a fair and modest youth. His figure was slight, but well knit and graceful; his features were mild, his deep black eye keen and sparkling, and his hair hung in luxuriant masses upon his shoulders. He toiled hard in the topmost turret of the castle, amid bars of iron, and huge wheels, and chains, and pulleys; and, at length, the ponderous mass of mechanism which in those days did duty for a clock, but which a modern would take for a stunted steam-engine without furnaces, was nearly

complete. One important part of the machine was, however, missing; the hands for the dial had either been forgotten, or had been made free with by some of the baron's train, with the view, perhaps, of their being fashioned into javelins or hunting-spears. So Gasper sought the baron, and informed that mighty personage of his loss and his dilemma. Now had he not been rather a favourite with the baron this step would have been a bold one, but instead of being dipped in the castle-moat, as he might have been under different circumstances, the baron, on being made to understand the nature of the missing articles, condescended to suggest substitutes.

"There are a couple of antique swords in the hall," he said, "could you not fashion them, so that they should stand you instead of your lost implements?"

"Thanks," said Gasper,—“thanks for the hint, valiant sir; so please you, I will make the essay. A sword-blade for a clock-hand,” he added, musingly, “it will seem akin to the scythe of Time;” and he smiled at his own conceit.

* * * * *

Days and weeks passed away, the tide of time rolled on, and the clock, like the pulse of a giant, throbbed to mark its flow. Its great bell was heard, sending forth its loud and regular summons, and at every peal the astrologer looked at the baron with a gaze which repeated his old note of “Time waneth!” and the baron fell into a fit of the fidgets forthwith.

Gasper's work seemed done, but he still lingered in Schwaggerberger Castle. It was marvellous to see how many faults he found in his handiwork, which must positively be put to rights ere he returned to his master and the old workshop at Strasbourg. He seemed dull, too, thoughtful, and occasionally vacant. The baron never doubted but that his melancholy arose from the number of defects which he pretended still lurked in the clock, so he applauded his diligence and anxiety, and encouraged him to stay in the castle until all was perfect. Alas! poor baron!

And the Lady Christine, too! She had actually lost all appetite, sighed in the midst of a merry song, and lay all night considerably more wakeful than the warder on the battlements. The baron could not tell what to make of it. As the fated day approached, he began to get as low as ever, and, in his

own mind, he believed they were all going to the devil together.

But Gasper would sit unnoticed and motionless for hours gazing upon Christine, and when she marked his eye fixed on her, and so full of deep and involuntary meaning, she blushed, but she was not angry; the gaze embarrassed her, but she could not, for the life of her, wish it withdrawn. Alas! poor baron! And then, when Gasper would furtively, and but for one moment, press her hand, as they passed close to each other, was that light squeeze returned? It was. And, ha! how slight, how almost imperceptible was the pressure which sent the blood of the youth tingling like fire through every vein! It was even so. Gasper, the poor penniless boy, the adopted son and apprentice of Ignatius Graafhurst, the mechanist of Strasbourg, had dared to fall “certain fathoms deep” in love with the Lady Christine, the only daughter of the mighty Baron von Schwagger, and the presumptive heiress to all his domains, and (“in the lowest depth a lower still”) the lady had fallen quite as deeply in love with him.

Alas! poor baron! He would not have believed that such was the case had every man, woman, and child in Germany sworn it by the three kings of Cologne; but it was a fact, nevertheless.

On the evening preceding the eventful day, big with the fate of so many of the personages of this veritable history, the baron was in a state of intense uneasiness. He fidgeted about, quite unable to keep still for a single moment; he gave orders and countermanded them, and then fell into a brown study, and then bustled about. He sent for a monk to shrieve him, “in case,” as he said, “of any thing happening;” and when the holy father came he would have nothing to do with him. At length he recollected that there were three wretches in the dungeons of the castle, who had presumed to make a dinner of the baron's venison without a game qualification issued under his hand and seal, so he ordered them to be hanged, by way of diverting his mind and keeping the executioner's hand in.

As for the astrologer he was calm and collected. He glided from room to room, and gallery to gallery, and whispered mysteriously to those of the baron's retainers who appeared pervaded with the greatest degree of wholesome awe of that remarkable personage. What he said we know not,—as

we never heard; but those who did hear, looked as if they had never listened to more extraordinary statements in all their lives—as, indeed, it is probable they never had.

The shades of night were stealing on apace, and Christine sat upon a settle in the deep recesses of a window in the hall, her slender form nearly hidden by the canopied tapestry. She was not alone. Obscured by the favouring gloom, kneeling at her feet, and grasping one white hand in both of his, was Gasper. In a low, very low, and very broken voice, the young man was pouring forth passionate vows of never-dying love, when suddenly, interrupting himself in the sweet recital, he exclaimed in more impetuous tones than he had yet made use of, "But I am a fool, a driveller, to speak so. I—I, the miserable apprentice of a miserable mechanist, what right have I,—what claim have I, to the love of such as thee?"

"Say not so, Gasper," returned the low and faltering tones of Christine, "say not so; I would scorn a belted knight for the poor Gasper Graafhurst!"

"Say for Rudolph Wolfstein, rather;" thus spoke a low, deep voice, close to the lovers.

Christine uttered a faint cry, and her suitor sprung to his feet.

The arm of the astrologer, for it was he who spoke, was laid upon his shoulder.

"Fear not, my children," he said, "fear not. The stars favour ye; I, their student, tell ye so."

The lovers gazed in astonishment and awe upon the mysterious being who addressed them.

"Thou callest me Rudolph Wolfstein?" at length faltered the young artist.

"Rudolph Wolfstein art thou, the rightful lord of this proud castle. Lady, behold thy cousin!"

With a low cry of joy Christine sprung into the arms which were open to receive her.

"Do I dream?" muttered the bewildered lover.

"Much yet remains to be suffered and to be done," said the astrologer. "Meanwhile, breathe not the secret. The good time will come. Trust the stars." He gathered his robe around him, and strode away into the fast deepening darkness.

"Cousin," murmured Christine.

"A sweet word; but soon to be changed for a dearer title still," was the low, soft reply.

Christine looked wistfully into her lover's eyes. It was a long, long look that, and Rudolph pressed the loving girl involuntarily closer to his breast. More time elapsed than we care to specify, and still Christine gazed fondly on her cousin and her lover. At length she moved her head to place it on his shoulder. As she did so her gaze was for a moment withdrawn from his face, and it fell—heaven and earth!—it fell upon the face of the baron, who stood looking at the pair with horror in his face and a torch in his hand.

Take Mount Hecla, Mount Vesuvius, and Mount Etna, labouring individually with every eruption with which these celebrated hills have favoured the world since they attained the dignity of being volcanos, place them respectively inside each other, the largest holding the other two; let this united kingdom of fire and lava "flare up" in one mighty belch,—the explosion would bear the same relation to the outburst of the baron's wrath, which the fizz of a bottle of ginger-pop in the dog-days would to the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

In the course of five minutes Christine was laid in a fainting fit in her room at the top of the castle, and Rudolph was bound in a dungeon considerably deeper than the moat. For some hours his brain was utterly bewildered. So many changes had taken place in his condition within such a short space that he had considerable doubts as to whether he was himself or not. He pressed his hands to his forehead, and gradually he seemed to awaken from an uncommonly disagreeable dream to a still more uncommonly disagreeable reality. His first sensation was a faint impression that the place was slightly damp, and in this respect it would be difficult to assert that he was much mistaken, seeing that he stood in six inches of mud and six inches additional of water, and that the ceiling above him not only answered its legitimate purpose, but combined with it the advantages of a shower-bath. Divers venerable rats also began to manifest a decided taste for cannibalism and the calves of his legs, requiring some brisk exertions on the part of their newly introduced companion to repel their pressing advances. So that, upon the whole, the newly discovered rightful heir passed the night after a fashion possessing the charms of novelty rather than those of comfort.

As for his lovely companion in distress,

when she had been informed of her lover's plight, she was, to use the common expression, out of one fit into another, and her tire-maidens stood around her weeping and wailing, in a manner dismal to behold.

The baron strode up and down the hall like a madman—in fact, for the time, he was one. Nobody dared to address him, and he condescended to address nobody; but he uttered incoherent ravings and stamped on the floor with a violence which might be heard by the antipodes.

Anon he became calmer, and flinging himself into his great chair, ordered, in a voice of thunder, that the executioner should attend him.

The gentleman who officiated as the Abhorson of the baron's establishment appeared and bowed before his lord.

"I have got a job for thee for to-morrow," said the baron.

"I thought as much, my lord," returned the grim functionary addressed.

"At noon the young whelp dies," roared the baron.

"By the rope or the axe?" said Abhorson coolly.

"The axe," returned the baron. "I will grant him that favour."

"And thou wilt not change thy purpose?" said the executioner.

The baron "grinned horribly a ghastly smile"—Death's was a merry one to the baron's—"When thou seest me lay my own head at the foot of him who hath insulted my house, hold thy hand—not sooner;" and Abhorson retired.

The offence of Gasper, or Rudolph, or whatever he was, and what he deemed the dereliction in duty of his daughter, were so appalling, so tremendous, that in the baron's breast they swallowed up every other consideration. He quite forgot his own threatened doom; he had no thoughts to spare from the event which had just taken place, and from the consequences which he designed should follow, at least with respect to one of the actors in it. Of course he never went to bed, but remained all night pacing up and down and watching for the first glimpse of the dawn.

The whole household was in an equal state of inquietude; but the astrologer was calm, and looked upon the tumult around him with a sad smile; now and then, too, he exchanged looks of intelligence with a squire, or man-at-arms, and then turning to a window, he

bent his looks upon the stars. At one time he gazed long and earnestly on the firmament, and then his thoughts involuntarily clothing themselves in words, he muttered, "Would that every man beneath your glorious expanse were clothed with fortune suitable to his own deservings!"

"Ha! prayest thou so?" said a voice behind him.

He turned and beheld the jester.

"If such a prayer as that," continued the fool, "were to be instantly granted, how many, think you, would wittingly breathe it?"

He stayed not for a reply; but, with a wild maniac laugh and a rattle of his bells, skipped lightly away.

The astrologer gazed after him. "He is more of a knave than a fool," he said.

* * * * *

The morning broke brightly. All around the castle seemed fresh, and still, and peaceful; all within was wild contending passion, gloomy foreboding, and cheerless despair.

A bird sat upon the castle-gate among the ivy and poured forth its joyous heart in song; a grating noise drowned the notes—it was the executioner sharpening his axe.

The morning passed away; how slowly to some, how quickly to others. The baron thought of the astrologer; it was but for a moment and it was with a sneer. He deemed himself, secure *now*. "His time shall come soon," he muttered to himself; "but Gasper's is first."

At this moment the hall-door was flung open, and Christine entered. Her dress was in wild disorder, her cheek deadly pale, her long black dishevelled hair was streaming behind her, and her eyes were flashing and bloodshot.

She rushed to the baron, sunk down before him, and clasped his knees. "Spare, spare,—I love him. I will die with him!" was all she could utter.

"Spare!" quoth the baron, grimly, "a modest request, truly. And so every piece of tag, rag, and bobtail that thinks fit—every Gasper Thingamy —"

"His name is not Gasper," exclaimed Christine; "'tis Rudolph Wolfstein: he is my cousin."

The words had hardly passed her lips before she saw that her rashness had cut off the only chance of mercy. Her heart sunk within her. The baron first turned as pale as if he had been soaked in whitewash, and

then as scarlet as the coats of a whole regiment.

"Ha!" he muttered, "that accursed name again! I thought its owner's bones had been bleaching under the waters of the Rhine; but now will I make sure—sure! Ha! 't is a rare chance, a very rare chance, to have my natural enemy in my clutch; and a pretence for putting him to death, other than that he is my enemy. Ha!—luck—luck—good luck—good luck!"

All this was thought rather than said.

"Spare—spare!" murmured the wretched Christine. The baron paused, a gleam of savage joy shot across his features, and then he spurned her with his foot. As he did so, fierce eyes flashed, and ready hands clutched sword-hilts; but the baron observed not.

"Take her away!" he said, and Christine was borne out senseless.

* * * * *

"I will see it from the battlements," said the baron; "the hour is at hand!" and so muttering, he ascended the corkscrew stairs which led to the highest pinnacle of the castle.

Bars of light shining in through narrow loopholes in the thick walls guided the baron's footsteps. As he ascended he left the din and confused turmoil of the castle far below; there was no sound save the occasional twitter of a swallow from her nest in a loophole, and the solemn and regular pulsations of the clock, and, in a few minutes, the baron stood among its ponderous and complicated machinery. He paused and contemplated it. Slowly revolved the vast wheels, so curiously interlaced with each other. Steadily and noiselessly worked lever, and spring, and ratchet; and the deep throb of the pendulum, as it performed its unwearying pulsations, fell with a strange and ominous sound upon the listener's ear. He looked upon the huge lumps of metal which acted as weights, and thought upon the power of a machine which was set in motion by the downward action of such ponderous masses.

The baron was on the point of moving still higher when he paused, hesitated for a moment, and then muttered, "Yes, here, even amid the mechanism will I take my stand, and mark the end of him who framed it."

The dial-plate of the clock was not solid; it consisted of a huge circular grating of metal, in the rim of which the letters denot-

ing the hours were traced. Inserting his head into one of the open spaces which just sufficed to admit it, he looked anxiously downwards. Had the baron's mind been comfortable, or had his taste inclined to the picturesque, he would have gazed with delight around him. He would have marked from his commanding position the vast panorama of the wild and romantic country beneath. He would have admired the effect of sun and shadow as they fell upon knoll and glade, tinging with still more varied hues the differing shades of the oak, and the pine, and the beech, which, interlacing their green arms, spread out a waving sea of foliage. He would have admired grey mossy precipices contrasting with the green verdure, and breaking its expanse; he would have loved to look long and earnestly on the waters of the distant Rhine as they pursued their course, gleaming in the sunshine; and he would have listened to the low song of many birds, the dimly heard ripple of the far river, and the subdued rustle of the waving trees, as these varied sounds came floating on his ear in blended sweetness like the inarticulate voice of Nature in her gladness; but the baron, like Gallio "cared for none of these things." His gaze was riveted upon the court-yard below. There was the block, and standing beside it, leaning upon his bright axe, the headsman; while close by, the centre of a little group, he discerned the slight but unshrinking form of the victim.

"Ha, ha!" he muttered with a croaking sound intended for a laugh, "the hour which was prophesied as fatal to me sees the last moments of mine enemy. Here I stand firmer than ever in my power. The stars!—ha, ha!—let them do their worst—I despise them!" At this moment a stir took place among the little party in the court-yard. "Ha!" said the baron, "they are preparing!" and, straining his eyes, he gloated upon the spectacle of approaching death. Indeed so intensely was his mind occupied by what he saw, that he either did not feel or did not heed a slight—very slight, but still perceptible—pressure of something cold and hard upon his bare and outstretched neck. "There is but little more of heaven's sunshine for *him*!" he murmured. "Ha, ha! it will be soon over!"

"Ha, ha! so it will!" said a voice behind him like the echoes of his own.

The baron started—struggled. Alas! Alas! he could not stir his head; and like

lightning, the awful truth flashed upon him. *Silently and unperceived the blade-formed hand of the clock had closed upon his neck, and fastened his head in an iron pillory!* The words of his foretold fate rushed on the baron. He felt he was a doomed dying man, —and such a death! The blood curdled in his veins, his limbs hung powerless, not a muscle would do its office; he was insensible to every sound but one, the slow-measured click—click—click of the machinery which would urge the sharp sword-blade second by second and line by line through his shrinking neck.

Anon, he partially revived, and tried to shout an alarm to those below. It was in vain, the time for that had gone by, the pressure upon his throat was too great to allow him to use his voice, his face flushed, and he writhed his limbs in agony.

At this moment another head was protruded from another aperture of the dial. It looked like that of a gibing fiend, but it was that of the astrologer.

"Help!" almost inarticulately moaned the baron. "Help! I—will—pardon—spare!"

"*Time waneth!*" said the astrologer. "Hark!"

Click—click—click went the machinery! Again the baron writhed in his great agony, the sword-blade had cut the skin, and the hot blood sputtered forth.

"Spare—spare——" he gasped, and beat the walls with his limbs.

"*Time was made for slaves, and we be free men!*" taunted the astrologer.

The baron's features became awfully convulsed, his eyes appeared starting from their sockets, the tongue was protruded, and blood and foam gurgled in his throat. Click—click—click went the mechanism; and through skin and flesh, and severing nerve and vein, slowly but surely penetrated the instrument of the baron's dreadful death.

"*Let the hours take their course, do thou take thine,*" said the astrologer.

Strong and terrific convulsions shook the baron's frame; his limbs quivered, and every muscle worked in the intensity of his agony. There was one fearful throe, one gurgling sound—it could not be called a groan—low, but awful to hear, and the baron felt no more.

"So perish those who mock the stars!" said the astrologer.

* * * * *

"The headsman is ready, and thy time is almost out!"

Young Rudolph, for it was he who was addressed, turned his wandering and blood-shot eye on the speaker as though he understood him not.

"The time is at hand," repeated the man-at-arms; "and, therefore, prepare!"

"Lo!" said another, "the baron looketh down from the dial of the clock!"

They were too far distant from the main personage of our story to observe the tragedy which was enacting in respect to him, but they could see his features undergo a change.

"He laugheth!" said one of the gazers.

"Certainly it is a thing to laugh at," said the Abhorson. "Ha, ha! so young and so comely, and so soon to die! A change from yesterday—ha, ha! from the arms of a fair maiden to a hard block, a sharp axe, and a clean stroke!"

Brutal as were the by-standers, they shrunk from the wretch who spoke.

"Come," he exclaimed with a grim laugh, as he observed the effects of his speech—"come, prepare!" and he grasped Rudolph with one hand, and poised the broad bright axe with the other.

"Christine! Christine! I die blessing thee!" murmured poor Rudolph.

His neck was on the block, the axe glittered aloft, the group around held their breath in anticipation of the event, when suddenly the astrologer broke through the crowd.

"Hold!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder,—"*hold, or thou art but a dead man!*"

"Wherefore should I hold?" said the headsman. "The baron ordered me to strike, unless he laid his head at the prisoner's feet."

"Lo, it is done!" said the astrologer.

Whack! down like a tennis-ball came a round bloody mass. Bounding from the spot where it fell, it rolled to the feet of the kneeling prisoner, and all knew by the bloody and distorted features that it was the baron's head.

"There is the token thou speakest of," said the astrologer.

"A miracle—a miracle!" shouted the by-standers.

Rudolph sprung to his feet, and tore the bandage from his eyes.

"Hail to Rudolph Wolfstein, rightful lord of Schwaggerberger!" exclaimed the astrolo-

ger; and, bending on one knee, the crowd responded.

"Hail to Rudolph Wolfstein, rightful lord of Schwaggerberger!"

"He is alive—I am yet in time!" shrieked Christine, bursting through the crowd, and clasping Rudolph in her arms.

The astrologer stretched his arms aloft, and said solemnly, "Thus are fulfilled the decrees of our stars!" then turning away he strode from the castle into the forest, and no man knew whither he went, and none of those who saw him go ever saw him again.

* * * * *

Shall we pursue our tale farther? Assuredly not.

He who can fancy the rest requireth not; and he who cannot deserveth not that he should be told aught further.

From the London Charivari.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

[Continued from page 494.]

OF THE MILITARY AND MARITIME STATES.

THE Military State includes the whole of the soldiery from the Commander-in-Chief down to the raw recruit, or the private who has the honour of being stationed at the post of Storey's-gate, who is alluded to by the poet, in the fine line—

"The post of honour is a private station."

In a free country, it is said that the soldier is an object of jealousy, chiefly we suppose, on account of the impression made by a red coat upon the fair sex. As to any other kind of jealousy the soldier creates, we are certainly not aware of it, unless it be the natural jealousy felt by a police-man at the superiority of the steel bayonet over the wooden staff, and the cartridge box over the lanthorn. A soldier does not put off the citizen when he becomes a soldier; and consequently many of our gallant army whose wives are washerwomen, carry out the clothes in time of peace, and others lend a hand in the mangling—which, according to the old jurists, is not out of character with their slaughtering propensities. The laws of this country do not recognise a standing army; so that even when on service, the soldiers are said to go to the *seat* of war—thus showing that a *standing* army is never contemplated.

All historians agree in declaring that

Alfred invented the Militia, when every man in the kingdom was a soldier; and, considering what sort of soldiers the militia usually are, we should say that every man, woman, or child might have been. In those days, the Dukes led the soldiers, and had such power, that Duke Harold, although the wrongful heir, was strong enough to push from off the throne one Edgar Atheling, the rightful heir—an event, which if the Saxons had had a taste for melo-drama, would have made a fine subject for a piece, introducing "a grand combat of two"—including all the popular business of Harold cutting at Edgar Atheling's toes, while Edgar Atheling jumped up exclaiming, "No, you don't!" with a wink at the prime minister. Then, of course, would have come the grand last movement of clashing of swords together across the stage, till both disappear at the wing, when Harold would have returned alone, with both swords, in token of victory, and taken his seat on the throne—in which position he might have been "closed in" by the scene-shifters.

We have already, in a former chapter, spoken of the necessity a Knight was under to go for a soldier in case of war, but in peace the country was protected by a statute of Henry the Second, making it obligatory on every man to keep a certain quantity of arms; but it does not appear that there was any law insisting on his knowing the use of them. These persons were, however, now and then called out, arms and all; and it is presumed, this was done as Camden hints, "to ennoye a joyke at ye expennsse of ye people."

It is not, perhaps, generally known, that the whole of the dreadful row between Charles the First and the people, arose out of a dispute about the militia—the King pulling at them one way and the Parliament the other. The militia all the while was in those days just what it is in these—very indifferent.

After the restoration of Charles the Second, the King's right to do what he liked with the militia was recognised; and there is still a remnant of them who rent a coalshed at Lancaster, which is called the *dépôt*, and from which three corpulent sergeants—for they are all officers and no men—would emerge in case of an invasion. During the election riots, the Lancaster militia put itself under the protection of the two policemen in the town; but in the glorious

language of the Constitution, "the militia are, after all, our great defence against foreign aggression." "After all" means of course, when everything else had been tried; and then, we say, Let England throw herself into the arms of the three sergeants at the coal-shed at Lancaster.

Besides the Militia, there is also the Yeomanry, who are more often called into service, and have several times distinguished themselves by keeping back the boys at processions and on other public occasions. We had almost forgotten to mention the Volunteers, who formerly had the command of all the parochial engines, pumps, and fire-ladders. That these troops would have stood fire manfully there can be no doubt, for their valour under an incessant pelting of water, was frequently put to the test during showers to which they were so often exposed, that it was once in contemplation to add an umbrella to the regulation bayonet. The Lumber Troop must not be forgotten, whose last recorded exploit was an encounter with the landlord of the public-house where the troop has its quarters.

Martial Law is a sort of law in which the military authorities do as they like with their own, and hang soldiers wholesale for the sake of preserving discipline. This can only be done in time of war; and it is now quite settled, that if a lieutenant hang a private for the mere fun of the thing in time of peace, it would be murder, for it is against *Magna Charta*; so that it is fortunate for the heads of her Majesty's Foot that *Magna Charta* was hit upon.

There is an annual Mutiny Act which provides for the government of the army; and, according to this, any soldier shamefully deserting a post—such as walking away from the lamp-post at Storey's gate—or sleeping on the said post (he must be a deuced clever fellow to manage that)—or giving advice to a rebel (unless perhaps he advised a rebel to be off about his business)—or making signs to the enemy (though surely he might shake his fist at the foe)—would be liable to any punishment, from death downwards to a drill, or from the strong-room upwards to the scaffold.

There are, however, privileges belonging to the soldiery, such as the right of making a will when on actual service, by merely saying how he wishes to dispose of his property; so that, in the field of battle, if a soldier sees a cannon ball coming towards

his head, he has only to say, "I give and bequeath all I have to so and so;" and if any of his comrades should have heard what he said, and live to repeat it and remember exactly what it was, there is no doubt that the will would be a very good will in its way, and certainly quite strong enough to convey as much property as would probably be left by

The soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day.

The Maritime State is the next topic we have to touch upon; and when we think of the glory of the Navy, the valour of the British tar, the hearts of oak, and all the rest of it, our timbers naturally begin to shiver, and we involuntarily go through a sort of mental Naval hornpipe as a tribute to the maritime prowess of Britannia, who has ruled the waves, the whole waves, and nothing but the waves, from time immemorial.

The mode of manning the Navy is, in time of war, to resort to the liberty of the press, or, in other words, to seize hold of any one who comes in the way, and make "a heart of oak" of him, whether his heart may be disposed to sympathise with wainscoating or not, and to turn him at once into a British tar, by pitching him on board a vessel. Some doubt has been thrown on the legality of impressment, but Sir Michael Forster, who is a regular special pleader, makes out that it must be a law, because it is mentioned in other laws, though there is no law in existence to which the other laws refer; and consequently, as A is to B, so is B to C, which makes it as clear as A B C that A may B(e) pressed to go to C whenever there is any occasion for his services. Thus the power of impressment resides somewhere; but where that somewhere is, nobody knows; and, as we are fortunately at peace, nobody thinks it worth while to inquire. It has recently been enacted that no seaman shall serve more than three years against his will, unless he is made to serve longer, and then he must; so this boon to impressed seamen helps them out of their difficulty much in the same way as the Irishman lengthened his ladder, by cutting a bit from the top and joining it on at the bottom.

The privileges of soldiers and seamen are great; for, if the soldier loses his arms in battle, there is Chelsea Hospital to lend him

a hand; and a sailor who is deprived of both his legs by a cannon-ball, has nothing to do but quietly to walk into Greenwich.

—
OF MASTER AND SERVANT.

Having commented on the people in their public relations, we now come to private relations, including Master and Servant, Husband and Wife,—which, by the bye, is a relation something like that of master and servant, for the wife is often a slave to the husband,—Parent and Child, and Guardian and Ward—the latter being a sort of relationship which is seen upon the stage, where a choleric old man with a stick is always thwarting the affections of a young lady in white muslin.

We shall begin with Master and Servant—showing how such relationship is created and destroyed. There is now no such thing as pure and proper slavery in England; so that a servant of all-work who says, “Hang that door-bell,—I am a perfect slave to it,” has recourse to a fiction.

England is so repugnant to slavery, that directly a negro sets his foot on English ground he is free; but if he has lost both his legs, he cannot of course put his foot on British soil, and would remain a slave to circumstances. A menial servant is so called from the word *mænia*, which signifies walls, and arises probably from the practice of brushing down cobwebs from the *mænia*, or walls, with a Turk’s-head, or hair-broom. The old doctrine of a month’s wages or a month’s warning is always acted on in London, except when a servant refuses to obey his master’s orders, when it seems the master may give the servant kicks—and kick him out—instead of halfpence.

Another species of servants are called Apprentices, from the word *apprendre*, to learn; and thus a barber’s apprentice learns to shave on the faces of poor people, who, in consideration of their paying nothing, allow themselves to be practised on by beginners who have never handled the razor.

Next come the Labourers, whose wages were formerly settled by justices of the peace at session, or the sheriff; but now the master settles the wages, or, if he does not settle, he is a very shabby fellow for failing in doing so.

Stewards, Porters, and Bailiffs come next; but no one would think of having a bailiff as his servant, unless there were an execution

in the house, and the bailiff were thrust into livery to save appearances.

A master may correct his apprentice for negligence; and if a grocer’s apprentice neglects to sand the sugar, the master may give him the cane, for neglecting his business.

A master may maintain or assist his servant in an action at law; and if one’s footman happens to be a rightful heir in disguise, the master may lend him the money to go to law against the wrongful heir, for the purpose of recovering the property.

A master may assault a man for assaulting his servant, on the principle, probably, that in a row, as in every thing else, the more the merrier.

“If any person do hire my servant,” says F. N. B. 167, 168—but whether F. N. B. is a policeman or what, it is impossible to say, for we only find him alluded to in the books as F. N. B. 167, 168—“if any person do hire my servant,” says he, “I may have an action for damages against both the new master and the servant, or either of them.” This glorious old privilege is rather obsolete, for we do not find the courts much occupied in trying actions between ladies and gentlemen and their late menials.

The master is amenable, to a certain extent, for the act of his servant; and, therefore, if a servant commit a trespass by order of his master—such as if a gentleman riding by a field were to order his groom to jump over into it and pull up a turnip—the master, though he did not eat the whole of the turnip, or any of it, would be liable for the trespass. If an innkeeper’s servant rob a guest, the innkeeper is liable, on the principle of like master like man; for the law very reasonably thinks that, if the servant is a thief, the master very likely may be.

If I usually pay my tradesman ready money, I am not liable if he trusts my servant; but if I do not usually pay him any money at all; then I am liable to pay the money—when he can get it out of me. This is on the authority of Noy’s Maxims—and a maxim is always supposed to contain the maximum of wisdom.

By an old statute, called “An Act for the better and more careful use of the Frying-pan,” it is provided that any servant who sets the house on fire by carelessness shall forfeit 100*l.*, or go to the workhouse, where they would forfeit so many pounds of flesh by the spareness of the diet; and this act,

savouring too much of the spirit of Shylock, is now seldom acted on. A master is liable if anything is thrown from the window of a house; but it has been decided that if a house should be on fire, and a servant should throw himself on the indulgence of the public by jumping amongst the crowd, and should hurt any one, the master would not be liable, for this would not be wilful damage.

If a pea-shooter be discharged from the garret, and the pea enter the eye of a passenger, the *pater-familias*, or master of the house, is, in the eye of the law, answerable for the pea in the eye of the stranger; for it is a common law right, inherent in every one, to protect his own pupil.

Such are the leading features of the law of master and servant. The modern tiger has not been regarded by the ancient Constitution; but we find in Petersdorff's Abridgment a quaint allusion to the legs of footmen, some of whom, he says, appear to be regularly calved out for the prominent situations they occupy.

From the (Macao) Chinese Repository for October, 1843.

NARRATIVE OF A RECENT VISIT TO THE CHIEF CITY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CHANGCHAU, IN THE PROVINCE OF FUKIEN, CHINA.

AFTER a great deal of talking, and being almost deafened by the noisy Chinese we had to deal with, we arranged with a boatman to convey us to the city of Changchau, distant perhaps thirty-five miles. One of our Chinese friends, who speaks both the Court and the Fukien dialects is to accompany us.

October 4th. We started at 7 o'clock, A. M., taking our bedding, changes of raiment, and provisions for three or four days. The tide was against us, but the day being fine and the wind favourable, we made rapid progress. In a short time we passed along the eastern side of Pagoda Island, and entered a noble bay of oval shape. It stretches from east to west, being probably ten or twelve miles in length, and half of that in breadth. It is surrounded on all sides by the high, steep, barren mountains, so common in southern Chinese scenery, with plains of greater or less extent at their basis. From the deck of our low boat (which was of about twenty tons) it was difficult to discern their

size; some were small, but many were of large size. The shores of the bay were lined with villages, many of which must have contained over a thousand inhabitants, and few if any of them were three miles apart. Twenty-three were distinctly seen, and our boatman estimated the whole number to be about thirty.

Our course lay directly through the bay from east to west. At its western extremity, were several immense tracts of land reclaimed by embankments from the water, and occupied as rice grounds. A river comes down from the north-west, and enters the western extremity of the bay, and the land about its mouth is low and flat, covered at high tide with water, and dry at low tides. The greater part of this has been banked in, and thus hundreds of acres made highly productive which would otherwise have been a barren noisome marsh. It was a beautiful sight to look over these extended grounds, with the little canals winding through them, and to see the smooth, green fields, and the large trees scattered here and there with the Chinese houses beneath. A few buffaloes were grazing about or rolling like swine in the muddy shores of the river. A number of Chinese were gathering a kind of rush which grows plentifully on the river banks. It is dried in the sun and made into floor-mats and similar articles. Some idea of the quantity gathered may be formed from the statement made to us, that the mats manufactured in this region alone, are sold annually for several tens of thousands of dollars.

The western extremity of the bay is some twelve or fifteen miles west of Amoy. Entering the river just mentioned, and sailing to the northwest, we soon passed the walled town of Hitanghien, on the left (or southern) bank, and about three miles from the mouth of the river. Our course was still up the river, to the northwest. Its valley is low and flat, and not very broad. Villages *un-counted* were seen in every direction. Immense trees, standing singly or in small clumps, and houses among them, with cattle in the fields and boats on the river, it was beautiful to behold! On the same side of the river, and about five miles further on, was the town of Shi-má, or as it is called in the colloquial dialect of the province Chiöhhè. It looked much more like a business place than Hái-tang; numerous boats were on the river, and many lumber yards along its

banks. Numbers of the people crowded down to look at us as we passed. On the opposite side of the river was a collection of eighteen villages, known by the name of Ota.

The river here becomes shallower, and our boatmen exchanged the boat in which we had come thus far for a smaller one, about as large as a common whale-boat; it was provided with mat awnings, and we found it quite comfortable; but small as the boat was it required some knowledge of the river to avoid the shallows, and we touched the bottom in one or two places. The water of the river is delightfully soft and sweet. In this region the boatmen reverse the usual order. The passengers occupy the middle and forward parts of the boat, while the men stand up in the stern, and push the oars from them. There was no occasion, however, to use the oars, as the wind favoured us, and we went along bravely with our square mat sails.

About five miles from Chióhbè, we went ashore in a quiet place to look about, but there was not much to be seen. The valley here is narrow. Rice grounds, fields of tall sugar cane, and brick kilns with *red* brick (we saw none with blue brick) were nearly all we saw. A couple of coffins, with the bodies enclosed, were lying in the open air beneath the trees, to remain there probably until a lucky spot and a favourable day should be discovered for their interment. Bodies are often left thus for years. One of these had lain so long that the coffin had almost fallen to pieces through age, but as the propitious day and destined spot was still undiscovered, there it must remain.

We scarcely stopped five minutes on shore, and yet a score of persons were already running to see us. Not wishing to attract attention before reaching the end of our journey, we pushed off and proceeded. Our attention was attracted by the number of brick-kilns on either side of the river, whilst the greenness and beauty of the fields, and occasionally a ravine extending back among the hills, called forth expressions of admiration and delight.

We passed many villages, two of which were pointed out to us as being inhabited by Roman Catholics. The account our boatman gave of them was, "They have a goddess whom they worship. They call her the Holy Mother." The Chinese call one of their own favourite divinities, (*Mátsú pó*), "the Holy Mother."

About one o'clock, P. M. we arrived in sight of Chángchau, with but little warning from the boats, to indicate the crowded population that we were so near. The first distinct intimation we had of being near it was the sight of a long and high bridge across the river, with a number of houses upon it. Our boat anchored shortly before coming to the bridge, and we immediately went ashore and started for the centre of the city. A crowd was around us at once. We were the first Americans, and the only Protestant missionaries who had ever been there, and as but few other foreigners had been there before, and their visits had been very hasty, the curiosity of the people had been excited but not gratified.

The boatman carried our baggage. Our Chinese friend conducted us through the suburbs to the city-wall, which was not far from our landing place. We were soon in the city, and passed through several streets, in search of a lodging place, which we did not succeed in finding till we had walked for nearly half an hour. It was soon evident that we were "something uncommon." Numbers of people came in with us, and as we passed through the streets, and were discovered by those ahead of us, the wonder and the crowd increased. Our complexions and dress, our stature, and the spectacles worn by myself, at once drew the attention of every body. The shopkeeper turned away from his customer, the carpenter dropped his plane, the shoemaker his last, the tailor his needle, and the apothecary his pill-box; even the beggar forgot his vocation: the women peeped out from the doors, and the children ran on before, and then stopped to have a good look at us; old and young, high and low, were filled with one common feeling of surprise, and gazed at us as if we had fallen from the clouds. Our guide professed to know the road, but soon showed his ignorance, and after making several inquiries, he led us at last to a low dirty tavern, instead of the house appropriated to the reception of foreign officers, where he had intended to take us. However, there was no help for it, and to make the best of the matter, we had our dinner prepared. On going into the house we shut the door to keep the crowd away, but they were not so easily satisfied, and the door being old and crazy, they actually broke it open. One of us was obliged therefore to stand by it for a while, and let them gaze, while dinner was in course of

preparation. They made no effort whatever to molest us, being on the contrary quite good humoured and civil. One man, all smiles and politeness, came up to me, and begged leave to examine my dress, at the various parts of which he expressed the most unbounded admiration. My cap was much better than his, the buttons of my coat were *kaho, kaho*, very much better than theirs, pockets were an admirable device, and the shoes were a perfect gem! He was even proceeding to open my shirt bosom, and pull up my pantaloons, but on being told that that was not polite he desisted, and with many bows and smiles departed.

While we were at dinner, an officer with a crystal button, and peacock's feather, of rather good features but coarse manners, came in to ask our names and business. He was rather rude at first, but his manner soon changed; and after a few minutes' conversation he became quite civil, and was even curious to inspect our knives and forks, and articles of dress. While engaged with him, another officer also wearing a crystal button, came in. He was a tall, slender, gentlemanly looking man, and his manners exceedingly polished, amounting in some respects almost to over refinement. We supposed him to be a Tartar. He was dressed in his official cap and black satin boots, which came up to his knees, a beautiful blue silk robe reaching below his knees, and over this a short silk garment reaching to the waist. Among his attendants was one about six feet two inches in height, and stout in proportion, who seemed quite out of countenance when we remarked on his stature. Three other officers came in, and with each we had the same series of questions and answers—who we were, our object in coming, and the advice to go away. They were evidently uneasy at our coming, and used many arguments to induce us to depart in peace, but we were not to be got rid of so hastily. The chief local magistrate presently came in; and without even saluting us, and scarcely noticing the five officers already present, he began to declaim against the impropriety of our coming to Changchau, of its being contrary to the treaty, a bad precedent, and various topics of a similar nature. We remarked that the treaty allowed foreigners to trade at five ports, but did not forbid their going elsewhere, that we were well meaning people who had not come to trade, but only to see the country, to cultivate

friendship, and to do good. The old man hereupon altered his tone: "Oh, I know that you are men of politeness, we are not afraid of you, for we look upon you as brothers; but if you come, it will be a precedent for others, and you had better go away." It was remarked to him that this was a strange way of treating brothers, to turn them off so unceremoniously when they came on visits of pure friendship. After a good deal of talk we came at last to a compromise. Finding we would not depart without seeing the city, they earnestly begged us not to spend the night within the walls, offering to send us down to the river in chairs, to provide a comfortable boat for us, and on the next day to send chairs for us, and escort us all around the city. After a little hesitation we assented, and they all accompanied us to the river's edge. One of the streets through which we were led, was covered with strips of yellow and red cloth, and ornamented with lanterns of all shapes, sizes and colours, suspended across. It was, as we were told, a celebration to secure a continuance of peace, and a return of health. The cholera has prevailed in Changchau to a frightful extent this year. Some of the inhabitants said that occasionally as many as two hundred persons had died of it in a day during the summer months.

The boat provided for our accommodation was large though not very clean, and the owner having received a special charge from the local magistrate that we should want for nothing, we spent a quiet night.

Thursday, October 5th. The morning being pleasant, we started off for a ramble in the suburb before breakfast, and the lower bridge being close to the place where our boat was anchored, we went there first. It is built on twenty-five piles of stone about thirty feet apart, and perhaps twenty feet each in height. Large round beams are laid from pile to pile, and smaller ones across in the simplest and rudest manner; earth is then placed above these, and the upper part is paved with brick and stone. One would suppose that the work had been assigned to a number of different persons, and that each one had executed his part in such manner as best suited his own fancy, there being no regularity whatever in the paving. Brick and stone were intermingled in the most confused manner, and the railing was sometimes of wood, and sometimes of stone. We were particularly struck with the length of some

of the stones used in paving the bridge; one was eight, another eleven, and three others eighteen paces each long, being about forty-five feet long by two feet broad. They were of granite, but from the constant crowd of passengers had been worn smooth. The bridge averages eight or ten feet in width, and about one half of its length on both sides was occupied by shops.

Crossing the bridge, and proceeding up the left or southern bank of the river, we came to the second bridge, which is about a mile from the first, and is similarly built. When we came to it, our guides (of whom we always had plenty) pointed up the river some little distance further, and told us there was a temple there, well worth seeing. We found it really so, being one of the oldest buildings we had seen in China. The various gate-ways and small out-houses around the temple were decayed and in ruins. Two pools on either of the main entrance were covered with the broad leaved water lily. The main building is of wood, and is both large and high, while the ceiling is most elaborately carved and constructed. Every pillar, board, tile, and stone bore the marks of extreme age. It is said to have been erected in the Sui dynasty, about twelve hundred years ago. Seven gigantic figures in sitting or standing postures, painted and gilt, but faded and dusty, and tarnished with age were arranged across the temple, and on each side stood a row of fifteen Chinese worthies, as large as life. Behind the seven first images were three others. The very smallest must have been eight feet in height, while two or three, if they had been in a standing posture, would have been fifteen or eighteen. An immense drum occupied one corner, and a bell another. The roof was most curiously composed of carved wood, and inscriptions in various styles of Chinese writing were painted and gilded, or carved on the pillars, walls, ceilings, and tables of the temple. To the right of the main building stood a smaller one, covering an immense idol cut out of a single block of granite; by standing on the pedestal, which was three feet in height, and reaching with my umbrella, I could only touch the hand which was laid across the breast. The whole height of the image was probably twenty feet. The rock had formerly stood there, and this image had been carved out, and the house erected over it in its natural position.

We returned to the main temple, and

standing in front of the seven gigantic figures, Mr. Abeel addressed the crowd in their own language, on the folly of worshipping such idols, which could neither see, nor hear, nor speak, and telling them of the true way of salvation through Jesus Christ. There were upwards of three hundred people present, many of them listened attentively; some questions were asked, and they assented very freely to the truth of what was said to them. While thus engaged, we were surprised by a visit from the chief agent of the first officer we had seen the day before. He had come down to the boat to be our cicerone through the city, and finding us absent, had followed us. He was extremely polite, and expressed great surprise that we had gone off without waiting for the chairs. He accompanied us back to our boat, and after breakfast had the chairs brought down to the water's edge for our excursion through the city.

Of the streets through which we passed, several were narrow and offensively filthy; but some were clean, tolerably well paved, and for a Chinese city, wide,—say eight, ten, and even twelve feet—and lined with good looking houses. The furniture shops, and several of the clothing establishments, looked remarkably well; and the silk stores, apothecary shops, and bookstores, reminded us of some of the best looking streets of Canton. We also passed through several markets well supplied with very fat pork, fish, both fresh and dried, and poultry; vegetables were in abundance, though not in great variety. We saw shaddocks, persimmons, pine-apples, pears, plantains, sweet potatoes, sugar cane, and roots of various kinds. As usual we had no reason to complain of want of attention, and the word *hwan! hwan-na!* (foreigners) uttered by every man who saw us was the signal for all those whose quarters we passed, to leave their work and gaze upon us.

Our boat was on the southern side of the city. We were carried to the northwest corner of the city, and presently found ourselves in an open space with rising ground beyond, and a very large temple directly before us. The doors were thrown open, and we entered; the scene was quite unexpected. The temple was said to have been built during the T'ang dynasty, from nine hundred to twelve hundred years ago, and bore the marks of old age, though it was in better repair than the one previously visited. Eight gigantic figures, seated and standing, were

ranged across the temple, and thirty-six Chinese sages occupied either side, in rows of eighteen each. The figures were larger than those we saw before breakfast, and the roof was constructed in the same elaborate manner. The most remarkable things we saw were a couple of large lockers or cupboards, about eight feet square and two feet deep. They were closed and locked, and no one knew their contents. The people around all declared most seriously that they had not been opened for hundreds of years, and if they should be opened, death would surely come out in some terrible form, or some dreadful plague would visit the people.

The grounds of the temple are quite extensive, and numbers of houses where the priests lived, were scattered around. Some of them were falling to pieces through very age. Behind the main building we were shown a smaller one dedicated to Chù fűtsz, the celebrated commentator on the Four Books. He was a native of A'n hwuy province, and had been for some time prefect of the city of Chángchau. His house was pointed out to us in the centre of the city. It is quite large. It is reported that when built, the main beam of the roof was suspended in the air. He declared that if any unfaithful officer entered the house, the beam would instantly fall and crush him. But after his time the beam very considerably took its natural position in the wall.

The ground rose very steeply behind the temple, and three of its summits were crowned by small circular watchtowers. We climbed up the steep ascent in the hot sun, but on reaching the summit we held up our hands in wonder at the prospect before us. Imagine an amphitheatre thirty miles in length, and twenty in breadth, hemmed in on all sides by steep bare pointed hills, a river running through it, an immense city at our feet, with fields of rice and sugar-cane, noble trees, and numerous villages stretching away in every direction. It was grand and beautiful beyond every conception we had ever formed of Chinese scenery. The eye wandered over that wide plain, and returned again and again to the contemplation of particular points, until almost wearied with the contemplation of so much magnificence. When we came to a closer investigation, the wonder was almost increased rather than diminished. Beneath us lay the city; its shape was nearly four square, but the southern wall curved outwards from following the course of the river.

It was very closely built, and had an amazing number of very large trees within and around. On inquiring the number of inhabitants, our guide answered that in the last dynasty, it had numbered seven hundred thousand souls, and now there were more. He thought there were a million of people within the walls. This is probably a large allowance, though it is the common one among the Chinese. But even allowing the half of that number, it is very large. The villages around also attracted our attention. I tried to enumerate them, but after counting thirty-nine of large size distinctly visible in less than half the field of vision before us, I gave over the attempt. It is certainly within the mark to say that in that immense plain there are at least one hundred villages. Some of them are small, but many would number their hundreds, and even thousands of inhabitants.

What a field is here for Christian missions, if the country were open, and the churches prepared to enter in, and occupy the ground! How many souls there were beneath our eyes, all ignorant of the true God, of the way of eternal life. The prospect before us was surpassingly beautiful; but alas! for those who dwelt amid these fair scenes, where

"Every prospect pleases,
But only man is vile."

We returned to our boat, walking part of the way, much to the discomfort of our leader, who had to walk with us, and who did not much like walking through the narrow crowded streets when he might as well have rode. The articles in the shops were commonly plain and coarse. Even the showy ones were rough and unsubstantial. Beautiful as the city looked at a distance, it did not so well bear close inspection. The streets were wider, and some of them cleaner than those seen in the generality of Chinese cities hitherto visited by foreigners, but that is not saying much. Most of the houses had wooden fronts, and apparently brick or plaster walls. The most offensive objects were the numerous noisome sights and smells that every where abounded. It is not wonderful that the cholera should prevail with aggravated violence in such a place.

We felt wearied by our morning excursion, and, though full liberty was given us, we did not think that the crowd and fatigue of a stroll through the city in the afternoon, would be compensated by all the new sights

to be seen. Accordingly we went in a boat some little distance above the city, and walked among the paddy fields and sugar-canes. Several persons were drawing water for their fields by chain pumps. Mr. Abeel addressed the people in two different places on the Christian religion. A very respectful attention was given by some of the audience, but most of them were more disposed to examine our dress, than to hear religious discourse.

On returning to our boat after sunset, we concluded to go in her to Chiòhbè, at the change of the tide. We had seen nearly all we wanted at Chángchau, and had succeeded in our object in visiting it quite as well as could be expected. We had taken but few religious tracts with us, otherwise we might have given away thousands. Those offered to the officers were received with a flattering show of politeness and pleasure, and we were assured by them on the following day, that they had read them, and approved of their doctrines.

The boat in which we lodged was owned by an old man and his wife. She was upwards of seventy years of age, and according to the almost universal custom in Fukién province wore flowers, which in their freshness and bloom contrasted strangely with her gray hairs. On inquiring if infanticide was common at Chángchau, the answer given was, *that on shore it was common, but not among the people who lived in the boats.* The old woman had herself rescued *four girls*, whom she found exposed on the river's bank. Three of them had died at different ages, and one of them was now on board, whose crying disturbed us several times. She had a little grandson about ten years old, and this little girl was intended for his wife.

We left Chángchau during the night, and reached Chiòhbè before daylight. At sunrise we went ashore, and strolled about the place. It is a walled town, but the space within the walls is by no means so extensive as that without. Here, as elsewhere, crowds followed us, more noisy and rude too than those of Chángchau, though they offered us no manner of insult, and most readily allowed us to pass wherever we chose. It is quite a large city, stretching at least a mile along the shore, and bore every appearance of being a busy bustling place of trade. The shops were crowded with goods, commonly of a very coarse quality, and the streets

were thronged with people. For dirt and filth it exceeded any thing we saw during our whole trip. Several persons who had visited Amoy recognised Mr. Abeel, and one of them kindly conducted us through the principal streets. The number of fresh fish in the markets was immense, taken, we were told, from the river, which is here not one-fourth of a mile wide, and probably not six feet deep.

After walking until wearied, and seeing no end to the crowded streets, we stopped before an idol temple, and Mr. Abeel addressed the crowd. The questions proposed by some of them showed that they fully understood what was said. Having no desire to go ashore after breakfast, we proceeded in a small boat to Háitang, where we arrived about 11 o'clock, A. M. The outer wall of the city ran close along the stream where our boat was anchored. We entered one of the gates, and found a large space between the outer and inner walls almost wholly occupied by gardens and rice-grounds. We ascended the outer wall, and walked around for some distance. There were so few houses that but few people saw us, and we were not annoyed by a crowd. Presently the outer wall came right against the inner wall which was some four or six feet higher. To avoid going a long distance around, we climbed over the wall, and walked some distance along it. The plain outside of the wall was extensive, principally occupied by paddy fields. There were no villages within a mile or two of the side on which we walked. Within the walls there were so many trees that we could not see the city, nor tell in what direction the greater part of it lay. The Chinese themselves estimate its population as being greater than that of Amoy, but this we were inclined to think was an exaggerated account. We passed through several of the streets, which were much neater and cleaner than any we had seen elsewhere, but we saw few people. Perhaps it should be said, comparatively few, for we had become so accustomed to immense crowds, that a few hundred people at our heels seemed very few indeed. After walking for an hour, and seeing but little to attract special notice, we became tired. We had been wearied at Chiòhbè, the sun was now hot, and the wind being ahead, it was important to secure the favourable tide which was now making for Amoy. We accordingly turned our faces homeward, and at sunset re-enter-

ed our houses in Kúlang-sú, glad and thankful for the wonderful things we had seen, the favours enjoyed, and the mercies received during our three day's excursion.

W. M. L.

From the London Quarterly Review.

SIMPSON'S DISCOVERIES ON THE NORTH
COAST OF AMERICA.

Narrative of the Discoveries on the North Coast of America, effected by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, during the Years 1836-39. By Thomas Simpson, Esq. 8vo. London, 1843.

THIS, the last page in the history of the British arctic exploration, is a melancholy one; for though the task undertaken was gallantly and successfully accomplished, the publication is posthumous, and the adventurous author lived not to wear the laurels so honourably won. His own recital is one which must be read by his countrymen with satisfaction, only impaired by regret for his melancholy and mysterious fate. Its style, remarkable even beyond that of his recent predecessors for concision, is, like theirs, of that simple and unpretending character which best becomes the narrative of real enterprise and endurance. The achievements it records place the author's name on the long list of British worthies which begins with Frobisher. The utility of such achievements may indeed be questioned. To what purpose are the realms of all but eternal winter invaded by such repeated incursions? Why expose the nose of man to the blast of the barrens, with the thermometer at 60° below zero: and when Government, weary of its efforts, abandons the task, why should officials of the Hudson's Bay Company exchange their proper functions as purveyors of peltry for those of navigators and geographers? The answer to all such utilitarian interrogatories rises spontaneously to the lips of every one who takes an interest either in the advancement of science or the honour of England. We are indeed no longer lured, like our ancestors, by the prospect of commercial advantages from a north-western communication with Japan or Cathay: but, without condescending to argue the question, we regret no past, we shall grudge no future expenditure, whether of money or heroism, which may have contributed or hereafter

may contribute to the final discharge of one of Great Britain's proper functions, the survey of the coast-line of North America. This primary object attained, it will yet remain to be shown that the North Pole itself is inaccessible, and that the difficulties of a north-west passage are insurmountable by British navigators. On both these questions we venture to refer our readers to our article, of the year 1840, on Wrangell's expedition, vol. lxvi. p. 444.

Meanwhile the Franklins, the Backs, and the Simpsons have left but little to be achieved towards the accomplishment of the coast survey. The extent of the hiatus remaining on our maps will be best understood by a reference to Mr. Simpson's instructions and the objects embraced in his enterprise. We call them Mr. Simpson's instructions in virtue of his authorship, and without fear of exciting any jealousy on the part of the able and veteran chief of the expedition, Mr. Dease, who appears to have conceded to his youthful subordinate, when occasion permitted, precedence in labour and fatigue, as well as in the scientific operations of the expedition, which were entirely in Mr. Simpson's hands. Mr. Dease's merits and services are well known to the readers of Franklin and Back. The first object indicated in the instructions issued by the Hudson's Bay Company Directors was the completion of that part of the coast survey to the westward of the Mackenzie River which had been left unfinished by Franklin and Beechey in 1826. Such of our readers as have not recently pored over the additions to our arctic maps, contributed by successive expeditions, have to be reminded that in that year a combined operation was conducted, from the Pacific by Captain Beechey, from the mouth of the Mackenzie River by Captain Franklin, in the hope that the two parties might meet somewhere on the coast. They failed in effecting their junction, but how nearly they succeeded the following dates and positions will show.

On the 18th of August, the barge of Captain Beechey's vessel, the Blossom, quitted that ship off Icy Cape, and on the 22d reached longitude $156^{\circ} 21' W.$, some one hundred and twenty miles to the eastward of their point of departure. Hence, after being embedded for some days in ice, and after her commander, Mr. Elson, had made up his mind to abandon her and return on foot, she was fortunately extricated, and made sail

again to rejoin the Blossom on the 25th. On the 16th of August Captain Franklin reached longitude $148^{\circ} 52'$ W.; and on the 17th the weather cleared sufficiently to allow him, as he believed, to ascertain the position of a point of land to the westward, which he named after Captain Beechey; at which point he writes, longitude $149^{\circ} 27'$, "our discoveries terminated." "Could I have known," he continues, "or by any possibility imagined, that a party from the Blossom had been at the distance of only one hundred and sixty miles from me, no difficulties, no dangers, no discouraging circumstances, should have prevailed upon me to return." It is a satisfaction to know that, in Sir John Franklin's own opinion, founded on subsequent information, the attempt would have been fruitless, and probably fatal to all concerned. This interval, therefore, of somewhat less than 7° of longitude (averaging twenty-three miles to a degree,) was all that, since 1826, remained to complete the survey from Mackenzie River westward to the Pacific; and that completion was indicated in the instructions as the first object of the expedition. It will be seen that it was effectually and speedily accomplished.

To the eastward a wider field was open to conjecture and discovery. In 1826, while Franklin was working to the west, his admirable coadjutor Richardson had surveyed the interval between the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers. In 1834 Captain Back had descended the Tlewocho, or Great Fish River, to its estuary; but he had been able to survey but little of the neighbouring coast in either direction; and, with the exception of this point, the region between the 115^{th} and 83^{d} degrees of longitude, from the Coppermine River to the offshoot, called Melville Peninsula, was still unexplored. It would appear from the instructions that the exploration of this interval to its full eastward extent did not enter into the immediate contemplation of the directors. The party is merely instructed, starting from the Coppermine, to reach, if possible, the scene of Captain Back's discoveries; deciding, as in case of success it must, on its way the question at issue between Sir John Ross and Sir George Back, whether Boothia, the land so named by the former officer, be a peninsula joined on to the main land to the west of the Tlewocho, or whether, as Back opined, a strait existed which had escaped Ross's observation. It will be seen that Mr. Simpson

more than performed the service indicated in this instruction. That after discovering and passing through the strait suspected by Sir G. Back, and thus disposing of the presumed peninsula, and of Sir J. Ross's famous discovery of a difference of level between the seas on either side, he followed the coast-line to some little extent beyond the point where Back was repelled by the advanced state of the season. From this summary it will be seen that, for some ten degrees of longitude, the coast of the continent still presents a field for further adventure. We have been robbed of one peninsula, but it appears nearly certain that a considerable tract of land, of which the eastern continuous course has been ascertained by Parry and Franklin, deserves the name it bears of Melville *Peninsula*, that it shoots out to the north for some 5° of latitude, and is joined to the main land by a narrow isthmus near Repulse Bay. This latter fact does not indeed rest as yet on actual observation, but there is every reason to put faith in the Esquimaux accounts, which bring a gulf of the Polar Sea to within forty or fifty miles of Repulse Bay.

Our author's narrative is prefaced by an interesting though meagre sketch of his biography, by the pen of a surviving brother. The boy is not always father to the man. The transformation of a sickly and timid youth, educated for the Scottish Church, into the hardy man who walks fifty miles a-day in snow-shoes, is one of those phenomena which we believe to be quite as common as the instances of juvenile promise and precocious aptitude for a particular career so often traced out by the biographers of eminent men. In 1829, at the age of twenty-one, Mr. Simpson, despairing of early advancement in the Kirk, and averse from the usual resource of private tuition, accepted from the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr., now Sir George Simpson—(a relative, we presume, but in what degree is not stated)—an offer of employment under the Company, and sailed for North America. By the same powerful interest it appears that he was appointed, in 1836, to the second station in command of the expedition which forms the subject of the present narrative. There can be no doubt that during his apprenticeship he showed qualities which justified his selection, and no one who peruses the record will accuse the governor of nepotism.

To any one acquainted with the numerous works of Mr. Simpson's predecessors, his volume can of course present little attraction in the way of novelty. The incidents, whether of the summer journey or the winter's residence at one of the Company's forts, admit of little variety, as described either by a Back or a Simpson. The same exertions of fortitude and endurance, the same devices of skill and ingenuity to meet danger in its various forms of river-rapid, of marine ice, of fog, and squall, and current, are required of each successive arctic adventurer; but the simplicity and concision of the present narrative prevents weariness even with these details. There is one fact, evidence of which pervades the volume, and which makes us rise from its perusal with peculiar satisfaction: we mean the truly humanising and Christian effect of the operations of the Hudson's Bay Company on the aboriginal tribes. The period is not distant when the "*bella plusquam civilia*," which raged between the Hudson's Bay Company and a rival association, reddened the desert with other blood than that of the beaver or musk-ox. The blessings, indeed, usually bestowed by the white Christian on the red heathen are soon enumerated;—fire-arms, fire-water, and the small-pox; but probably in no part of the world had the European invaders set a worse example to the native tribes than here, or enlisted them into more savage contests than those which raged, within the present century, within the dominions and between the subjects of the British Crown in North America. It is perhaps useless now to inquire into the relative guilt of the parties engaged, and to attempt to discriminate between aggression and lawful resistance. The true history of such contests would rival in unprofitable tedium the Florentine and Pisan wars of Guicciardini. We know no better picture of the character of the struggle than is to be found in the work of Mr. Ross Cox, a gentleman who from an adventurous trader has become an efficient and trusted officer of the Irish police. His narrative, published in 1830, has scarcely an equal for incident and adventure, unless it be in Mr. Irvine's charming volume, the "*Adventures of the Followers of Columbus*." We shall have occasion to remark that some of his observations on the habits of native tribes derive confirmation from the volume under review. It is gratifying to us, as Englishmen and Christians, to be able to show the reverse of

such a picture. Subsequently to the coalition effected between the two companies in 1821, their system towards the natives appears to have been one which Howard and Wilberforce would have approved, and might have directed. Sufficient proofs of this fact appear at the outset of Mr. Simpson's volume, even in his description, though cursory, of the Red River settlement, from which he started for his journey.

The untiring efforts of the Company's Church establishment, Protestant and Roman Catholic, extend from Labrador to the Pacific—from where the rattlesnake basks in the hot summer of climes westward of the Rocky mountains, to where the Indian ceases to roam, and the Esquimaux becomes the sole representative of humanity. These exertions are not the less creditable if, as Mr. Simpson, we fear truly, states, they are often unrewarded: not always however. In the maritime districts of the far west, the Indian character is softened, as he states, by the influences of the Pacific, food is abundant, man congregates in villages, and here the labours of the Missionaries promise every success. Even among the wandering hunters of the North the endeavours of the Company to check the supply of spirituous liquors and to instil morality have not been unavailing. Mr. Simpson says:—

"No stronger proof of the salutary effect of the injunctions of the Company's officers can be adduced than that, while peace and decorum mark the general character of the Northern tribes, bloodshed, rapine, and unbridled lust are the characteristics of the fierce hordes of Assiniboines, Pigeons, Black-feet, Circees, Fall and Blood Indians who inhabit the plains between the Saskatchewan and Missouri, and are without the pale of the Company's influence and authority." (p. 19.)

Mr. Simpson goes on to describe a reconciliation effected by the sole influence of the Company between the *Saulteaux* and *Sioux* nations, till lately inveterate and bloody enemies.

On the 1st of December, 1836, Mr. Simpson quitted the Red River settlement for Athabasca. This preliminary journey, of 1277 statute miles, was completed with singular precision on the very day prefixed for its termination, the 1st of February. For the first three days, as far as the Manitobah Lake, the nature of the country and the state of the weather permitted the use of horses and wheel-carriages. The remainder of the

journey was performed on foot, the baggage being conveyed on sledges drawn by dogs. The author's route enabled him to enjoy the seasonable hospitality of three of the Company's stations between the Red River and the Athabaskan station, Fort Chippewayan, destined for his residence till the period when returning spring should enable him to effect the descent of the Coppermine River.

The first point decided on at this station was, that instead of building, according to the letter of their instructions, one large boat for their future expedition, they should construct two of smaller dimensions, a measure to which Mr. Simpson attributes the ultimate safety and success of the party. This portion of the author's narrative exhibits further gratifying evidence of the influence of the Company on the character of the Chippewayan Indians; and of the establishment of friendly relations between this race and the Esquimaux. The wanton and relentless massacre of the latter described by Hearne, is a specimen of the former habits of the natives, conspicuous by its contrast to the present state of things; and the regulations of the Company for the prevention of the sale of spirits, and for the supply of necessaries to the Indian, seem admirable in effect as well as intention.

The expedition set sail from Athabasca on the 1st of June. On the 10th it reached the Great Slave Lake, where for eleven weary days it suffered provoking detention by the ice, and it was not till the 29th that it entered the great River Mackenzie. Fort Good Hope, situated in lat. $66^{\circ} 16'$, the most northerly station of the Company, was reached on the 5th of July, and at 4, p. m. of the 9th, the Arctic Ocean burst on the view of the party. The expedition plodded its westward way along the coast surveyed by Franklin in 1826, meeting and overcoming the usual difficulties of such a route, and holding friendly but cautious intercourse with various families of Esquimaux, till it reached Franklin's Return Reef on the 23d. The weather here became stormy, and the temperature such as to bring the winter-dresses of the party into requisition. The ice drove them occasionally almost beyond sight of the coast, but one happy run of twenty-five hours effected nearly half the distance between the point reached by Franklin and the Point Barrow, from which Captain Beechy's barge returned in 1826. In this interval the mouths of two considerable rivers were dis-

covered. Of one of these, named by the party the Colville, Mr. Simpson remarks, (p. 171:) "That it separates the Franklin and Pelly mountains, the last seen by us, and probably flows in a long course through a rich fur country and unknown tribes on the west side of the Rocky Mountains." Mr. Simpson thinks that it is probably identical with a river of which Mr. Campbell, one of the most adventurous of the Company's servants, who has pushed its establishments into the Rocky Mountains and to the confines of the Russian territory, received accounts from the natives; if so, it has a course of at least one thousand English miles. It appears that Mr. Campbell, in 1839, narrowly escaped massacre and starvation at the hands of the Nahanie Indians, but that his future operations are likely to be facilitated by a transaction with the Russian governor, the eminent Baron Wrangel, by which the Russian line of coast as far as Cape Spencer is leased to the Company. On the 28th they hauled up their boats on a cape, in longitude 154° , which they named after Governor Simpson. The ice now rapidly accumulated, and on the 31st Mr. Simpson writes:—"From the extreme coldness of the weather and the interminable ice, the further advance of our boats appeared hopeless. In four days we had only made good as many miles, and in the event of a late return to the Mackenzie, we had every reason to apprehend being set fast in Bear Lake river, or at least at Fort Franklin, which would have been ruinous to our future plans. I therefore lost no time in imparting to Mr. Dease my desire of exploring the remainder of the coast to Point Barrow on foot. In order to secure the safe retreat of the party, he handsomely consented to remain with the boats; and as Point Barrow was still distant only two degrees of longitude, ten or twelve days were considered sufficient for my return." The author therefore, selecting five companions, started on his pedestrian expedition on the 1st of August. While the boats had been forcing their way through the shore ice to Cape Simpson, the appearance of the ice to seaward had been so smooth and solid that the party had longed for horses and carioles to drive at once to Point Barrow. Our author could not, indeed, resort to this expedient to facilitate the interesting labour of the remaining interval of unexplored coast. He could not call a coach, but he did better, for finding the sea open

he called an oomiak—one of the large family-boats of the Esquimaux which bear that name. The incident of his meeting with the family which supplied him with the loan of this invaluable conveyance was certainly one of the most fortunate of his journey. The taste for tobacco acquired from intercourse with the Russians was a passport to their good graces. Among other mutual civilities Mr. Simpson exchanged his traveling service of plate, consisting of a tin pan, for a platter made out of a mammoth tusk, as appropriate to his daily mess of pemmican as pewter to the draught beloved by metropolitan coalheavers. The Esquimaux suffered him without scruple to select the best of three oomiaks for his purpose. These boats float in half a foot of water, and the one selected bounded gallantly over the high waves of an inlet five miles wide, which would have cost him a weary march to circumvent by land. Disregarding the portentous appearance of young ice and the landward flight of wild fowl, omens of approaching winter, and occasionally carrying their light craft over the older ice, they hurried onward to their goal, and reached it with triumph and gratitude on the morning of the 4th.

Point Barrow, henceforth famous as the focus to which British enterprise from west and east has successfully converged, is described as a long, low spit of gravel, some five miles across. It appears to be a place of considerable resort: a kind of Brighton to the Esquimaux, a summer camp, a winter burrow, and a fashionable burying-place. Mr. Elson, in 1826, had been deterred, by the hostile demeanour of the natives, from attempts at intercourse; but Mr. Simpson was bolder, and though the natives were numerous, and their demonstrations at first suspicious, he opened with them a brisk and friendly intercourse, exchanging the ever current coin of tobacco for seal-skin boots, water-proof shirts of seals' entrails, ivory toys, &c. Dances followed, performed by Ceritos in deer-skin unmentionables; and it was not till Mr. Simpson launched again on the ocean, averting his prow reluctantly from a lane of open water which invited him to Behring's Straits, that an attempt to steal his paddles, and some appearance of a disposition to misdirect his course, afforded any ground for apprehending bad intentions. He was soon joyfully received by the party from whom he had borrowed his frail but buoyant

and effective conveyance; and as he required its further use, four of them readily consented to accompany him in their canoes. These people displayed acute sensibility to the power of music, listening with delight to the French and Highland boat-songs of the party. This sensibility is shared by the Indian tribe of the Loucheux, but, strange to say, is not found among their neighbours the Chipewyans. These distinctive peculiarities among races in juxtaposition are interesting, and not confined to savage tribes. We doubt whether, in this respect of musical faculty, the Loucheux differ more from the Chipewyans than do the natives of the hilly districts of Lancashire and Derbyshire from those of some neighbouring counties. In discussing the origin of the native tribes, Mr. Simpson, (after attributing, as we think, on very questionable grounds, and differing with his predecessors in discovery, an European origin to the Esquimaux,) enumerates several distinct families of Indians, whom he supposes to have migrated from Asia, but who have preserved the most decided differences of language and customs. He mentions the practice prevalent in New Caledonia of burning the dead, and of subjecting the widow to various degrading and painful observances, which probably indicate an Hindoo affinity, though not extending to the suttee of Hindostan. Mr. Ross Cox had the opportunity of observing this practice, which we believe the influence of the Company has since nearly abolished. We have lately seen it stated that in the Marquesas Islands the ocean is substituted for the pile, and the widow is sunk with the corpse of her partner. With all respect for the philosophers of the last century, who endeavoured to set up the superiority of savage over civilized man, we prefer the more cumbrous contrivance of jointure, with all its delays to impatient lovers and burthens on heirs.

Mr. Simpson was certainly as fortunate in avoiding collision with the natives as in procuring assistance from them; but the measure of proceeding with so small a party was, with reference to them, one of extreme hazard. The usual source of collision is the inability of the savage to resist the temptation to pilfer. We have seen that at Point Barrow this risk occurred. Mr. Dease also, while waiting the return of the party, had to protect himself from similar attempts. Man hates and fears those whom he has injured. Mr. Simpson justly observes, that should the

Russians ever furnish the Esquimaux with fire-arms, the day of discovery with small parties will be over. This was, however, the only juncture at which the natives were met with in force sufficient to create danger; and though it was certainly a critical one, the object in view was one of those which justify a rush at the fence without a scrutiny into the possible ditch at the other side.

While the operations above described were in progress, a party, left behind at Fort Good Hope, had ascended the Bear Lake River, and established themselves on the lake of that name to prepare the winter residence of the expedition. The ascent of the stream, however, had been one of difficulty, conducted between impending walls of ice, in some instances forty feet high. Thirty miles of such navigation had cost a fortnight's labour, and the passage of the lake itself was scarcely less difficult. It was not till the 17th of August, the day on which the coasting party re-entered the Mackenzie River, that the building party reached the scene of its labours, named Fort Confidence. Mr. Simpson's arrival here occurred on the 29th of September. They found their simple and diminutive log dwellings finished as well as the scanty materials of the country allowed, but miserably inadequate to the climate. An express soon after reached them, conveying, among other intelligence, that of Sir G. Back's intended expedition to Wager Inlet, and affording hopes of a meeting with that officer in the course of the summer, which were frustrated by the well known failure of his gallant efforts. The incidents of the winter residence demand little comment. From the 11th of November to the end of January the temperature ranged from 32° to 33° below zero. Occasionally, however, it descended to -50°; and when at -49° the author cast a bullet of quicksilver, which, fired from a pistol at ten paces, passed through an inch plank. The students of Liebig will not be surprised to hear that, when abundance permitted, the daily ration of an individual was from eight to twelve pounds of venison. On some occasions it appears that the allowance to the Company's servants has been fourteen pounds of moose or buffalo. We apprehend that bone is included, but the amount is yet enormous, as compared with the consumption of man in temperate climates. The great chemist clearly explains why this large amount of solid and nitrogenized food should be not only in-

nocent but salutary under an arctic temperature. How far, however, it be necessary, and how great the addition desirable for due enjoyment, or essential to the healthy condition of the frame, apart from the adventitious consequences of habit may be doubted. We have at least reason to doubt that the officers of these expeditions, whose education and habits removed them from the influences of idleness and mere sensuality, have felt and had occasion to satisfy any inordinate cravings. Experience and theory alike condemn the use of spirituous liquors as aids to exertion in these climates.*

The 11th of March exhibited the greatest degree of cold observed. A spirit thermometer, more scrupulous than its fellows, stood at -60°, an older one at -66°.

Had Mr. Simpson's ardent mind and powerful frame been totally unoccupied during his long and wearisome detention, he might have been driven to the remedy which our French neighbours accuse us of adopting for low spirits, and have committed an appropriate suicide with a quicksilver bullet. He was not, however, driven to this resource. His winter excursions, on Great Bear Lake and the neighbouring barrens, exceeded a thousand miles. On the 27th of March he set out, with two men and four dogs, to explore the country between Bear Lake and the Coppermine, their intended pathway to the sea. Buried in the snow-drift of a northeaster, scarcely broken by the screen of a few dwarf spruces, the author naturally felt it difficult to comprehend how people could perish in an English snow-storm in the hot desert of Salisbury Plain, or the tropical regions of Shap Fell.

Indian education begins early. Lewis and Clarke describe equestrians of some two years old using both whip and bridle with vigour and effect. An unweaned member of an Indian family reached Fort Confidence on snow shoes two feet in length:—

"I must not," says Mr. Simpson, "close this part of the narrative without bestowing a just encomium on the generally docile character of the natives of Great Bear Lake. They soon became attached to white men, and are fond of imitating their manners. In our little hall I have repeatedly seen the youngsters who were most about us get up

* We have been assured that in the Russian expedition to Khiva, those who, avoiding the use of spirits, confined themselves to tea alone survived.

from their chairs, and politely hand them to any of our people who happened to enter. Some of them even learned to take off their caps in the house, and to wash instead of greasing their faces. Their indulgent treatment of their women, who indeed possess the mastery, was noticed by Sir J. Franklin. I wish I could speak as favourably of their honesty and veracity."—(p. 243.)

The next great object of Mr. Simpson's instructions was, as we have stated, to trace the unexplored interval from Franklin's point Turnagain to the Tlewocho estuary. For this object he was to reach the coast by the Coppermine River, with the choice, as far as his instructors could give it, of spending one or two seasons on the attempt, and of returning by whichever of the two rivers he might prefer. He started on the 6th of June, ascended the Dease River, crossed the Dismal Lakes on the still solid ice partly with the assistance of sails, and launching on the Kendal River reached the confluence of that stream with the Coppermine on the 20th. The rapids of the Coppermine made of the descent and ascent of that river perhaps the two most critical operations of the expedition. Franklin had descended them in July, when at their summer level; they were now in spring flood; but skill and nerve brought the party through. We extract the following passage:—

"The day was bright and lovely as we shot down rapid after rapid; in many of which we had to pull for our lives to keep out of the suction of the precipices, along whose base the breakers raged and foamed with overwhelming fury. Shortly before noon we came in sight of the Escape Rapid of Franklin, and a glance at the overhanging cliffs told us that there was no alternative but to run down with full cargo. In an instant we were in the vortex; and, before we were aware, my boat was borne towards an isolated rock which the boiling surge almost concealed. To clear it on the outside was no longer possible; our only chance of safety was to run between it and the lofty eastern cliff. The word was passed, and every breath was hushed. A stream, which dashed down upon us over the brow of the precipice more than a hundred feet in height, mingled with the spray that whirled upwards from the rapid, forming a terrific shower-bath. The pass was about eight feet wide, and the error of a single foot on either side would have been instant destruction. As,

guided by Sinclair's consummate skill, the boat shot safely through those jaws of death, an involuntary cheer arose."—(p. 258.)

If it had appeared strange to Mr. Simpson, with his thermometer at -50° , that people should perish of cold in England, during this performance he must have been equally at a loss to account for the destruction of life which so often used to attend the shooting of Old London Bridge.

From the 1st to the 17th of July the party were detained by the ice at the mouth of the Coppermine. From the latter date to the 19th of August they were occupied in struggling along the coast to the point reached by Franklin in 1821, and here the prospect before them showed that they had drawn a blank in the lottery of arctic summers. On the 16th of August, Franklin had seen a perfectly open sea from this point. Before them now to the eastward lay an unbroken barrier of ice, glittering with snow, evidently destined soon to unite with the new formation of approaching winter. Behind them the disjointed masses through which they had forced their way kept closing in under the pressure of violent gales. Mr. Simpson, under these discouraging circumstances, again decided on the experiment of a pedestrian journey of exploration for some ten days with seven of the party, to be followed by Mr. Dease with the remaining five men in one of their two boats, should wind and weather so far change as to permit. This enterprise was well rewarded. Franklin's furthest point was passed on the 21st. From a cape named after that officer, a little beyond that point, land was seen twenty or twenty-five miles to the northward, and stretching from west to northeast. Was this land insular or continental, were the party coasting a bay or the shore of a continuous sea? This interesting question was solved on the 23d, on which day Mr. Simpson writes:—

"The coast led somewhat more to the northward. The travelling was exceedingly painful. We, however, advanced with spirit, all hands being in eager expectation respecting the great northern land, which seemed interminable. Along its distant shore the beams of the declining sun were reflected from a broad channel of open water; while on the coast we were tracing the ice lay still immovable, and extended many miles to seaward. As we drew near in the evening an elevated cape, land appeared all round, and our worst fears seemed confirmed. With

bitter disappointment I ascended the height, from whence a vast and splendid prospect burst suddenly upon me. The sea, as if transformed by enchantment, rolled its free waves at my feet, and beyond the range of vision to the eastward. Islands of various shape and size overspread its surface; and the northern land terminated to the eye in a bold and lofty cape, bearing east-north-east, thirty or forty miles distant, while the continental coast tended away south-east. I stood in fact on a remarkable headland at the eastern outlet of an ice-obstructed strait. On the extensive land to the northward I bestowed the name of our most gracious sovereign Queen Victoria. Its eastern visible extremity I called Cape Pelly, in compliment to the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the promontory where we encamped Cape Alexander, after an only brother, who would give his right hand to be the sharer of my journeys."

With these discoveries Mr. Simpson for this season was forced to content himself:—

"They were not in themselves," he observes, "unimportant; but their value was much enhanced by the disclosure of an open sea to the eastward, and the suggestion of a new route—along the southern coast of Victoria Land—by which that open sea might be attained while the shores of the continent were yet environed by an impenetrable barrier of ice, as they were this season."—(p. 300.)

On the 29th they rejoined Mr. Dease and his party, who had continued ice-bound till the day previous, when he wisely judged it too late to attempt progress by sea to the eastward.

The course now adopted by the party is best explained and vindicated in Mr. Simpson's own words:—

"The bad weather and advanced season now rendered every one anxious to return to winter quarters, and I reluctantly acquiesced in the general sentiment; but for doing so, I had reasons peculiar to myself. I considered that we could not now expect to reach Back's Great Fish River; that by exploring a part only of the unknown coast intervening, our return to the Coppermine must be so long protracted as to preclude the possibility of taking the boats up that bad river; and that by abandoning them on the coast to the Esquimaux we excluded the prospect of accomplishing the *whole* by a third voyage, with the benefit perhaps of a more propitious

season. Three great travellers, Hearne, Franklin, and Richardson, had successively pronounced the ascent of the Coppermine, above the Bloody Fall, to be impracticable with boats; and our people, recollecting only the violence and impetuosity of our descent, entertained the same opinion. Fully aware of the great importance of this point to any future operations, I had with a careful eye inspected every part of the river, and formed in my own mind the following conclusions respecting the upward navigation:—1st. That in a river of that size there must always be a *lead* somewhere, of depth enough for *light* boats.—2d. That the force of the rapids would be found much abated, and that with strong ropes the worst of them might be surmounted.—3d. From the fury of the breakers in June I inferred the existence at no great depth of a narrow projecting ledge of rock that, bared by the falling of the waters, would afford footing to the towing-party, without which the ascent indeed must have baffled all our efforts."—(p. 303.)

These views proved in the sequel to be just and well-founded. We refer our readers to the narrative to learn how highly indeed the skill and courage of the party were taxed to demonstrate the soundness of the above conclusions. Every danger, however, was baffled, and every difficulty surmounted; and on the 14th the party regained Fort Confidence in safety.

The summer of 1839 proved more favourable to the task of discovery than its predecessor. On reaching the Coppermine on the 19th of June the party found that the ice had ceased to drift down on the 16th, ten days earlier than the last year. The rapids were passed with far greater facility; and on reaching Cape Barrow, on the 18th of July, they found the wide extent of Coronation Gulf partially open. Threading the ice across the inlet to Cape Franklin, they met with, instead of the unbroken barrier which had foiled them last year, an open channel two miles wide along the main. On the 8th of August they had followed the coast as far as the 99th degree of longitude, *i. e.* some 11° to the eastward of their point of departure. On the 10th Mr. Simpson writes:—

"We proceeded north-eastward all day among the islands, and some began to apprehend that we had lost the continent altogether, till in the evening we opened a strait running in to the southward of east, while the rapid rush of the tide from that quarter

left no longer any room to doubt the neighbourhood of an open sea leading to the mouth of Back's Great Fish River. . . . I must candidly acknowledge," he continues, "that we were not prepared to find so southerly a strait leading to the estuary of the Great Fish River, but rather expected *first* to double Cape Felix of Captain James Ross, towards which the coast had been latterly trending. The extensive land on which that conspicuous cape stands forms the northern shore of the strait through which we passed on the 11th; and which led us, the same afternoon, by an outlet only three miles wide to the much desired eastern sea. That glorious sight was first beheld by myself from the top of one of the high limestone islands; and I had the satisfaction of announcing it to some of the men, who, incited by curiosity, followed me thither. The joyful news was soon conveyed to Mr. Dease, who was with the boats at the end of the island, about half a mile off; and even the most desponding of our people forgot for the time the great distance we should have to return to winter quarters, though a wish that a party had been appointed to meet us somewhere on the Great Fish River, or even at Fort Reliance, was frequently expressed."

A strong wind from the westward rapidly extricated the party from the labyrinth of islands which had long impeded their voyage, and on the 13th, says Mr. Simpson, "On doubling a very sharp point, that offered a lee spot for the boats, I landed, and saw before me a perfect sandy desert. It was Back's Point Sir C. Ogle that we had at length reached!"

Here then the author's performance of his duty, as designated by his instructions, was complete; but he was naturally desirous to push his exploration as far to the eastward beyond Sir G. Back's limit as the season would permit. He still considered it possible that the isthmus, the existence of which, in the region assigned to it by Sir John Ross, he had disproved, might be found further eastward. The men assented without a murmur to the unexpected prolongation of their hard service—a circumstance which says much for them, and for the commanders who had won their attachment. The Great Fish River and the other streams which reach this coast flow through unwooded regions, a fact which much aggravates the condition of the coast navigator, who finds no drift-wood for fuel, and on his shivering bivouac is re-

duced to uncooked pemmican and cold water for his diet. The latter luxury itself was scarce among the islands; strong north-east winds prevailed, and one of Sir G. Back's stores on Montreal Island, to which they were directed by McKay, one of that officer's expedition, afforded nothing but pemmican alive with maggots, and chocolate rotten with five years' decay. In the teeth of all these difficulties they persevered, running over from Montreal Island to the eastern coast, to a cape somewhat north of Cape Hay, the extreme point seen by Sir G. Back, to which they gave the name of Cape Britannia. Hence, with a fair wind and tossing sea, they made a run of thirty miles to a cape which they christened after the name of Lord Selkirk; and some three miles further, on the 20th, the return of the north-east wind forced them into the mouth of a small river.

"It was now," says Mr. Simpson, "quite evident to us, even in our most sanguine mood, that the time was come for commencing our retreat to the distant Coppermine River, and that any further foolhardy perseverance could only lead to the loss of the whole party, and also of the great object which we had so successfully achieved. The men were therefore directed to construct another monument in commemoration of our visit; while Mr. Dease and I walked to an eminence three miles off, to see the further trending of the coast. Our view of the low main shore was limited to about five miles, when it seemed to turn off more to the right. Far without lay several lofty islands, and in the north-east more distant still appeared some high blue land; this, which we designated Cape Sir J. Ross, is in all probability one of the south-eastern promontories of Boothia. We could therefore hardly doubt being now arrived at that large gulf uniformly described by the Esquimaux as containing many islands, and with numerous indentations, running down to the southward till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager Bays. The exploration of such a gulf to the strait of Fury and Hecla would necessarily demand the whole time and energies of another expedition, having some point of retreat much nearer to the scene of operation than Great Bear Lake; and we felt assured that the Honourable Company who had already done so much in the cause of discovery, would not abandon their munificent work till the precise limits of this

great continent were fully and finally established."—(p. 376.)

After all that has been accomplished, the *nil actum reputans* of Juvenal would be an exaggeration, but we confess we sympathise with the hope here expressed, and are satisfied that the Company might easily accomplish the remaining task, probably by making one of their establishments on the eastern coast, Fort Churchill for instance, the starting place or base of their operation. The mouth of the stream which bounded the last career of the admirable little boats, and received their name, the Castor and Pollux, lies in lat. $60^{\circ} 28' 23''$ N., long. $94^{\circ} 14'$ W.; or, adopting Back's longitude, which for some reason Simpson could not reconcile with his own, in long. $93^{\circ} 7' 30''$. The expedition on its return, instead of pursuing the shores of the mainland, coasted the southern shores of Boothia, and their new discovery, Victoria Land: the former for nearly sixty-seven miles, to within fifty-seven miles of Ross's pillar, and within ninety miles of the magnetic pole. Their run along Victoria Land amounted to upwards of one hundred and seventy miles. Their winds were favourable, their navigation, though sometimes rough for craft so light, was prosperous, and on the 10th, having triumphantly crossed the strait of fifty miles to Cape Barrow, they revelled once more in the luxury of a drift-wood fire, to which they had been strangers since July. The party regained the Coppermine River on the 16th of September, after the longest voyage yet performed by boats in the Polar sea—in all 1631 statute miles.

It would remain for us to notice the sad and mysterious termination of a life so distinguished by enterprise and honourable service, but the task is distressing; and as we could do nothing towards elucidating the truth, we leave our readers to read for themselves in the preface the few ascertained particulars of the occurrence. It is more than enough for us to know that Mr. Simpson perished by violence on his way from the Red River settlement towards England. It is just possible that some tardy confession, or some word spoken in the veracity of intoxication, may confirm our own impression that, after killing two of his half-breed companions in self-defence, he was murdered in revenge. Till then the possibility may be, however reluctantly, admitted of the tale as told by the survivors, that insanity was the

cause of the catastrophe. More fortunate in one sense than Parke or Hudson, he has left behind him his own record of his own achievements. And we cannot close the volume without once more remarking on its literary merit. For judicious selection of topics and incidents, for clearness and simplicity of description, it is the model of a diary, and, like the masculine and modest character of the man, reflects honour on Mr. Simpson's venerable Alma Mater, King's College, Aberdeen.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A GOOD GLASS OF ALE.

BY BALZAC D'ANOIS.

"SIR," said the man, "I tell 'e, ye never tasted such a glass of ale in your life!" And, so saying, he banged his great lumpish fist on the table with such force that I expected the board would fly to pieces. "I don't care what sort of man ye are; but just drink a pint of that, and it will soon find out what you are made of. It goes down as mild as milk; but I never yet saw the man who was not the worse for a pint of it."

This was said in the parlour of a public-house situated in one of the corners of the metropolis. The house being of no very genteel kind, the guests in the parlour were little above those who are usually seen in a tap. The speaker was a big burly fellow with a red, full countenance, and a heaviness in his aspect which denoted an habitual beer-drinker. He had asked me the quality of the ale which I was drinking, and was continuing the conversation by expatiating on the virtues of the beverage sold at an Alton alehouse in another part of the town.

"Mind, the name's 'Figgins,' and it's one of them Alton alehouses,—and ye never saw such a glass of ale in your life."

The speaker here assumed the aspect of indignant defiance, as if I had contradicted him.

"I have no doubt of it," said I very mildly, hoping to stop what seemed to me most causeless wrath; but the man's voice became louder, and his fist fell with redoubled force on the table as he bellowed,

"If you don't find it as I say, come back when you have drank a glass, and say that I have told you a falsehood."

Now, considering the place in question

was at least a mile from the scene of conversation, the challenge to come back on the chance of seeing this eccentric person, was no very hazardous one. I bowed assent, still looking as mild as possible; but the extoller of the "good glass" wound up his own zeal till it approached perfect fury.

I was exceedingly glad to pay my reckoning, and leave the house, seeing that I was likely to be involved in a quarrel, without the slightest provocation on my part; for so determined was the advocate of Alton ale to pick a quarrel, that it was of little consequence whether the party addressed agreed with him or differed from him. As I passed through the door, I heard sounding after me from the parlour,

"Mind you ask for the old ale! Ye never tasted such a glass!"

I was now subjected to a new kind of annoyance. Doubtless you have often felt the suffering which arises from a pair of eyes being constantly fixed upon you, while you are utterly unable to recognize the person to whom the eyes belong. In a full theatre you must have sometimes have perceived some stranger staring at you, till he so fixes your attention, that you are lured on to stare at him also. Other faces seem to vanish,—the whole of the surrounding objects seem to be fading,—that one countenance absorbs your entire mind. My annoyance was somewhat similar to this. A miserable cabman, who was making a wretched horse draw a dilapidated vehicle, took a violent fancy to me. Never allowing his cab to get one yard beyond me, he stared at me as I walked; he made significant signs with his whip, and appeared determined to have me for a fare. There was something sinister in the aspect of the man,—there was something imperious in his gestures, which, as it were, denoted an absolute right to force me into the cab, that was to me singularly repelling. I tried to look elsewhere,—I tried to gaze on the objects in the shops. My efforts were in vain; my head, by an irresistible impulse, was turned towards the cabman, and I was compelled to stare almost encouragingly at his inauspicious signal. At last, with a desperate effort, I forced my countenance towards the shops, when a brilliant golden light at once flashed upon my eyes. Gradually it began to form itself into letters, and the word "Figgins" was presented to my sight. I recollected the name spoken by the disagreeable man in the public house, and,

my attention being now attracted, I perceived the large canvass blind, inscribed with black letters, that marks an Alton house. I rushed in, darting a triumphant look at the cabman; but he merely smiled, and my heart quailed within me as I saw his features assume a kind of resemblance to the advocate of the good glass of ale.

The interior of the shop presented to view the usual apparatus. There was a row of bright pumps to supply the beverage in various grades to the customers, the grades being called, "mild," "imperial," and "old." There were sandwiches in little white plates, every one inscribed with the name of the meat which the sandwiches contained. There were little baskets of captains' biscuits, and there was a glass mustard-pot. Behind the counter stood a woman, with singularly hard and forbidding features; and altogether there was something about the place which continued the uncomfortable feeling I had experienced during the whole evening. The customers were gloomily intent on their occupation of consuming the provisions before them. One was eating sandwiches at such a rate that he seemed almost to be bolting them whole; and a man behind the counter, who went on perpetually carving ham for him, darted at him looks of execration for the trouble he gave. Another continually poured down huge goblets of ale, till at last the woman impatiently cried out, "If you want any more, the pump may serve you itself, for I shall not." Whereupon, to my amazement, the pump of *mild* ale began to work of its own accord, and the customer, without the slightest sign of surprise, held his glass beneath the spout, and replenished it. It was not without some misgiving that I asked for a glass of the "*old* ale."

"The *old* ale!" repeated the woman, somewhat raising her voice, and giving the first sign of emotion I had yet heard or seen. Every one of the customers, and also the weary man who was carving the ham, stared at me for a second with an indescribable expression, and then with a peculiar smile, returned to their occupation. The glass was filled by the woman, and handed to me. I was about to raise it to my lips, when I paused for a moment; for I fancied that a lion's head, which decorated one of the pumps, had assumed the likeness of the quarrelsome man in the public house. It was but a fancy,—so I raised the glass. Already

had it touched my lips, when the surface of white foam, which was of course presented to my face, gradually expanded, and that to such an extent, that I could not see its limits. It was as if one huge vertical sea, in a violent state of foam, rose immediately before me. As the first particles of liquor wetted my tongue, I seemed to be growing lighter; indeed, all sense of gravity was receding from me. A very delightful taste seemed to pervade my whole frame, and, to my utter amazement, I felt myself drawn up into the ocean of ale. Bubbles kept rising around me as I passed through the brownish fluid; every one of them shot forth others in countless abundance, and every one presented a grotesque face, which grinned at me as it flew by. My ears were filled with a dull, stunning noise. There was but one thing I could hear distinctly, and that was the sound of a well-known voice, that cried through the confusion, "You never tasted such a glass of ale in your life!"

At last this indistinct sensation passed away, and I seemed to come to my senses. I found myself in a strange field, with a large crop of barley in full ear overspreading the entire landscape. There was a thickness about the atmosphere, and the sky, instead of being blue, was of a deep amber colour. I was idly plucking an ear or two, when a voice of thunder broke upon my ear, saying, "Let us celebrate the mystery of the Beer-Bacchus!"

At once there came before me the most motley assemblage I had ever witnessed. Mechanics, city clerks, law students, medical students, all went along in grand procession, supported and moved by rolling barrels, on which they kept their position by the same talent as that of the tub-dancer, who used to excite wonder at the minor theatres. Every one of them brandished, with vehement gestures, a pewter pot; every one of them darted forth clouds of tobacco-smoke in all directions. They were followed by a troop of waiters, bearing massive plates of sandwiches, huge cold joints, and massive pots of mustard. At last the procession was closed by the Beer-Bacchus himself, who rode in a car, fashioned much on the same plan as those that clowns used to make, at that remote period when there was ingenuity in Christmas pantomimes. Those huge cheeses which must be familiar to every one who has stopped to take refreshment at a country inn, formed the wheels; the half

of an immense butt, festooned with ears of barley, formed the body, and the vehicle was drawn by four sturdy brewer's horses. The Beer-Bacchus was a portly personage, who wore a crown of barley on his head, and occasionally wetting his mouth from a huge silver tankard, solemnly smoked a gigantic twisted pipe. He courteously invited me to his car, and, as I entered it, said with an air of great benignity,

"Did I not tell you that you had never tasted such a glass of ale?"

The Beer-Bacchus was, in fact, the same with the man in the public-house, and—greater wonder than any I had yet seen—he now looked pleasant and agreeable.

The car rolled on; and as we proceeded the voices of the shouting bacchanals who advanced before us underwent a singular change. They were gradually modified into ordinary London criers, such as the shout of omnibus-conductors, and the invitation of the butcher to "buy." Bacchus himself, too, dwindled into a very small compass, till at last he vanished altogether, and I was alone in a vehicle, which bore no resemblance to the one I had ascended. It was completely closed, and lined with deep-blue cloth, ornamented with little tufts. In fact, I was in the interior of an ordinary cab, rolling through the London streets. A thought flashed across my mind: could I be with the sinister-looking cab-driver, from whom I had fled into the Alton ale house? The window merely afforded me the sight of a pair of drab-coloured coat-tails, and all that concerned the identity of the driver was left to mere conjecture. The sense of mystery grew more and more oppressive. A dead weight was on my mind, which soon became a material pressure. The sides of the cab drew close together, and bound me so tightly that I could hardly breathe. At the same time they lost their opacity, and I seemed close confined in a kind of transparent prison, through which I could see all sorts of glittering objects. I strove hard to release myself, but could not stir so much as a finger, so great was the counter-pressure.

"He'll go off of himself presently if they don't open him," said a squeaking voice in my immediate vicinity.

"Ay, that he will," answered another squeaking voice; "and then the Fates be merciful to those tarts!" Upon which both the voices uttered a shrill, tittering sort of laughter.

Turning my eyes to the direction of this novel sound, I saw a number of little red heads, the size of a cherry, immersed in a dark-coloured liquor. This by no means inconvenienced them; but on the contrary, they were all giggling in the merriest mood,—my strange condition seeming to be the grand cause of diversion. Presently some long white cylinders appeared through my prison, and bending round it, seemed to grasp it firmly, and bear it through the air. Then the pressure around me diminished in a slight degree, and there was a hissing and bubbling around me, similar to that which I heard when I was drawn into the glass of ale. This terminated in an explosion as loud as a battery of artillery, and suffering the most excruciating agony, I was driven through an aperture that was by no means proportioned to my natural size. Every bone in my frame seemed to be crushed to a jelly.

Recovering from the shock, I found myself standing on the other side of a pastry-cook's counter. A lovely girl, with beautiful ringlets falling about her neck, held in her hand an empty soda-water bottle and a glass, into which she had poured its contents. I now understood my previous situation. I had been confined in the soda-water, and had been placed on one of the shelves, among some large bottles of brandy-cherries. For the first time during the evening I felt perfectly free.

My gratitude to the delightful creature who had delivered me from the spells that had so long encumbered me, knew no bounds. Throwing myself on my knees before her, I grasped her hand, and imprinting on it a thousand kisses, "Lovely spirit!" I exclaimed.

I could say no more. My ear at this moment experienced a smart, tingling and exceedingly startling sensation. Something like anger appeared in the countenance of my deliveress; but I may be mistaken in this particular, as the whole shop, with the damsel, and all its contents reeled away from my sight, and left nothing behind, but a confused emptiness in my mind, from which I did not recover till this morning, when I found myself in my own bed in my lodgings.

SHOEMAKING EXTRAORDINARY.

The *Paris Commerce* says—"A workman of the Rue Vieilles-audriettes, who for some time has attended the public lectures on mechanics, has invented a machine by which a man can make forty or fifty pairs of shoes a day."

From the Colonial Magazine for March.

THE DISMEMBERMENT OF SPAIN AND HER COLONIES.*

WHEN Charles V., the grandson of the Emperor Maximilian I., and the heir through him of the vast dominions of the house of Hapsburg, entered in childhood upon the inheritance which descended from his ancestors on the mother's side, his first great duty was to consolidate from the disjointed materials which were scattered around him—from Castile, which fell into his hands through his grandmother Isabella, and from Arragon and Navarre, the possessions of his grandfather Ferdinand—the united kingdom of Spain. Under his domains were included (in part through marriage, in part through conquest,) the Netherlands, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, Malta, and the Balearic Islands, containing a surface of 220,740 square miles. During a reign of forty years, Charles V. had so used and nurtured the great resources committed to his charge, that at the time of his resignation, the kingdom of Spain, with its dependencies, had arisen to the first rank among European nations. By the conquest of the dukedom of Milan, and through the acquisition of those immense tracts of country which were then included within Mexico, Peru, and Chili, the Spanish territory in Europe was swollen to 222,000, in America to 3,560,000 square miles; and, with an army the best disciplined in the world, with a navy the most extensive, the Spanish emperor became possessed of a degree of political power which, since Charlemagne, has been unequalled.

Never was there a monarch more fitted than Philip II., both on account of his sleepless energy, his crafty politics, his personal power, for the inferior management of so great a change. For forty-two years he continued on the throne in full possession of his remarkable faculties; he was supported by the most distinguished statesmen and generals of his age; he was enriched by the most inexhaustible mines of wealth; his domains, by the extinction of the male branch of the royal family of Portugal, were swollen by the accession of that powerful country, with its American dependencies—and yet, when he left the throne, he left it with its internal strength dissipated. *He had mistaken*

* [Being a continuation of "The Downfall of Spain and her Colonies."—See vol. iv. page 538 of *Camp. Mag.*]

the spirit of the age; he had broken where he had meant to bend; by the daring irritation of his tyranny, he had stimulated one portion of his people to rebellion—he had degraded the other into imbecility; and, when he died, the Netherlands were independent, and Spain exhausted.

From the date of Philip II., Spain has suffered irreparable losses, which have not only diminished her population and shrunk her territory, but have destroyed her internal prosperity and her external trade. From Philip III. the acknowledgment of the independence of the Netherlands was finally wrung; and a treaty, which never from the iron hand of Philip II. could have been drawn, was executed; by which Spain lost 8,560 square miles. His successor, Philip IV., lost, in 1640, the kingdom of Portugal, (34,400 square miles,) with its colonial possessions, (3,660,000 square miles,) together with the island of Jamaica (5,380 square miles;) in 1655 and in 1659, by the Pyrenean peace, the countries of Roussillon and Artois, a part of Charolais, and a number of forts in Flanders, Nemours, and Hennegan. Under Charles II., the last and most feeble of the Spanish line of the house of Hapsburg (1665—1700,) Spain, through the entire inefficiency of her plans, and the utter weakness of her exertions, sunk without an effort into the second rank of European powers. Through the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1668,) she lost the remainder of her Netherland reservations, together with half of Saint Domingo; and, by the peace of Nymwegen, the whole of Franche Comte. Through the twelve years' war of the Spanish succession, between the houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg, a fresh dismemberment took place. The house of Hapsburg, after being recompensed with the Spanish territories north of the Pyrenees, and, seven years later, with the island of Sardinia, was forced to cede to the house of Savoy the kingdom of Sicily; by which process Spain lost a territory amounting to 67,100 square miles. Under the Bourbon-Anjou ascendancy, which commenced with the reign of Philip V., (1713—1746,) Gibraltar and the island of Minorca were ceded to Great Britain, amounting together to 305 square miles. Under the new dynasty, the Spanish dominions, while at its accession amounted in Europe to 168,640 square miles, and in America to 4,720,000 square miles, remained for fifty years undiminished: because, in the first place, France,

from an hereditary rival, had become a family ally; and because, in the second place, the Netherlands, and the kingdoms of Lombardy and of Naples, which had become the theatre of war, had long ceased to be parts of the Spanish king's heritage. On the establishment of the Bourbons on the throne of the Two Sicilies (1735,) and of Parma and Piacenza (1748,) it was agreed upon by the contracting powers, as an indispensable requisite to their consent, that on no contingency of descent should the crowns of the two newly-established families be allowed to unite with that of the Spanish Bourbons. On the death, without heirs, therefore, of Ferdinand VI. (1746, d. August 15, 1759,) Charles III., king of Naples, being called to the Spanish throne, his second son, Charles, following him to Spain as Prince of the Asturias, on account of the idiocy of his elder brother, the third son, Ferdinand, then eight years old, was proclaimed king of the Two Sicilies.

During the reign of Charles III., Spain lifted herself to a level in some degree commensurate with her great resources. The acquisition of Louisiana, the conquests among the Portuguese possessions in South America, the recovery of Florida, the re-conquest of Minorca, (1782,) valuable as they were, were far inferior to the advantages which arose from the restoration of trade, the establishment of manufactures, and the regulation, under Aranda, Compomanes, and the Duke of Herida Blanca, the most eminent statesman of their day, of the disordered finances of the realm. But, promising as was the revival of Spanish power under auspices so happy, it was soon overbalanced by a succession of misfortunes which took their origin in the vacillatory and indolent character of Charles IV. Stretching over a period of twenty years (13th December, 1788—abdicating 19th March, 1808,) and encountering in its lapse the shock of the French revolution, it is not to be wondered that the reign of that unfortunate monarch should have been productive of consequences most grave and disastrous. From the treaty of Basle (July 22, 1795,) by which a strict alliance with France was clenched, Spain was exposed to the most lawless incursions, both from the allies whom she acquired, and the enemies she provoked. Fleet after fleet was lost on the high seas; cargoes of gold and silver, fresh from South America, were captured within the sight of ports to which they were bound; a navy, once the most mighty,

and then the most cumbrous in Europe, was swept from the ocean; the islands of Trinidad (February 18, 1797) and Minorca (November 15, 1798) were successfully conquered by the English; and the entire foreign and colonial trade annihilated. By the continental peace, concluded at Amiens on March 17, 1802, a temporary reprieve was obtained, as a price for which, Spain ceded Trinidad to England, and to France the state of Louisiana.

On the renewal of hostilities between France and Great Britain, Spain paid at the commencement (from October 30, 1803, to December 12, 1804,) a monthly subsidy of 4,000,000 francs, as a price of neutrality. It was not long before the internal dissensions broke out, which led to the overthrow of the reigning family. The seaboard was rent with open rebellion; the interior was distracted with secret intrigue; and the court, whose attention should have been absorbed with the great emergency it was soon to meet, was occupied in the constant bickerings which were taking place between the blind and feeble king and prince Ferdinand of the Asturias. The three-century bond between Spain and the American colonies was ruptured. The reign of Joseph Napoleon, (from January 6, 1808, to December 8, 1813,) produced nothing more than a temporary influence on the reigning dynasty, as Ferdinand VII. was recognized by the treaty of Paris, (1814,) as occupying the same throne from which he had been driven by the Emperor of France, 1808. Melancholy, however, was the change between Spain after the restoration, and Spain before the invasion. The American colonies were irrevocably lost—in part by conquest, in part by revolution; and though Ferdinand VII. attempted on his return to recover his alienated possessions, he found his arms too weak to effect so great an enterprise. So exhausted was the strength of the once giant empire of Spain, that after the formal renunciation of Guatemala, (July 1, 1823;) after the defeat of the Spanish army at Ayacucho, (December 9, 1824,) and the consequential evacuation of Peru; after the surrender of St. Juan de Ulloa, (November 18, 1825,) by which the last fortress in America was lost; the mother-country gave up all hopes of retaining her ancient authority over her rich but apostate children. Her territories had lost under the two last-mentioned reigns more than 4,600,000 square miles of land, which

had been endowed by nature with the most diversified and inexhaustible treasures, and all that remained from a dominion once almost universal in the New World was the Island of Cuba,* (46,000 square miles,) called by Ferdinand VII., when all else had deserted him, the "faithful and true;" and St. Juan de Puerto Rico,† (3,780 square miles,) with a few of the smaller islands that form part of the great western Archipelago. The colonies in the other hemisphere are still more unimportant. In Asia, Spain still possesses the Manila, or Philippine Islands, and with a part of the surrounding clusters, which are more remarkable for the amount of their territory, (48,400 square miles,) than for the wealth of their trade, or the number of their inhabitants. In Africa, there still remains the first and most historical of the Spanish conquests—the cities of Ceuta, Melilla, Penon de Velez, and Alhuzemas, with a territory cramped by invasions within thirty square miles, which formed, centuries ago, the battle-ground where Christians and Moors met in that deadly shock which drove the crescent from the south of Spain and the north of Africa. As the European territory of Spain, as settled by the Versailles treaty, amounts to 168,940 square miles, 272,080 square miles may be taken as forming the present measure of her possessions in the hemispheres together.

On the accession of Maria Isabella II., on September 29th, 1833, the kingdom was left to experience, under the imbecile government of an infant queen, those accumulated disasters which the misgovernment of three centuries had produced. In the words of Schubert, one of the most frigid of the German historians, the horrors which have been experienced in the intestine wars that succeeded, have surpassed in terror the utmost atrocities of the dark ages. G. T. W.

* In 1834, the annual value of the united exports and imports were still about thirty-five million piastres, and the income of the island about ten million piastres.

† In 1834, the exports were about five million piastres, and the government income upwards of two million piastres.

IMPRESSIONS.

A copper-plate engraver, at Rome, has discovered a method of fixing on stone the images obtained by the Daguerreotype. If this can be done upon stone, it may be possible to make an impression upon the heart of a Poor-law Commissioner.—*Spectator*.

From Tait's Magazine for March.

CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON.

The Life and Literary Remains of Charles Reece Pemberton, with Remarks on his Character and Genius. By W. J. Fox. Edited by John Fowler, Secretary to the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution. Octavo, pp. 506, with a Portrait. London: Charles Fox.

MANY readers will recollect a series of rambling papers, but all instinct with thought, which, about ten years since, appeared in the defunct *Monthly Repository*, under the title of the *Autobiography of Pel. Verjuice*. These papers, it would now appear, contain much of the personal history, as well as the opinions on men, manners; and institutions, of Charles Pemberton; a man "whose face must have been made of a fiddle; for everybody liked him." His countenance, as it is shadowed here, explains in part the mystery of this singular power of attraction; for it is not only handsome, and *intellectual*, (we crave pardon for this hackneyed word,) but exceedingly prepossessing. But Pemberton must have possessed other sympathy-begetting, heart-drawing qualities. This is not the age of Hero-worship, whether the hero be giant or pigmy; nor of idolizing talents, unless they be shown in fiddling, dancing, or face-making; we mean mental as well as physical face-making—face-making by pen and pencil. Charles Pemberton possessed none of those sure passports to regard and popularity; and yet he was beloved wherever he came, and that in no common degree. Part of the secret of this fascination may have been, that he was an actor.

Unless the autobiography of *Pel. Verjuice*,—the appellation which this sweet-blooded man assumed, upon, we suppose, the principle of contrariety,—be taken, as we are assured it may be, for the actual Memoirs of his life, his editor, Mr. Fowler, can tell very little about him. He was a native of Wales, and born in 1790; but his father was a Warwickshire man, a labourer or mechanic, of whom he speaks with the warmest affection, and the highest veneration. Through his father he had, or might have had, *ancestors*; and as for his mother, she was a true high-born daughter of Cambria. What poor lumps of dullest crockery, chimney-pot clay, are your "Saxons" compared with the Gael, the Welsh, and the Irish! As for Pel's mother—

" 'There had been princes in her family,'

so there had been; and one of their descendants was then skimming a pot of mutton broth, or darning my father's hose. Into the patrimonial acres, (into her share of them, at least,) a claw, which never relaxes its grasp, had been digged—Law! law! law! The right was clearly hers, she gained the victory, and it is superfluous to tell the reader what became of the acres. She preyed on the loss—on such food, how could she live? But she was not a creature of sadness; she used to laugh, and laugh well; and such a laugh! so clear and keen—no, not keen, that is sharp-edgy: you could not hear a jar upon her laugh so harsh as a gossamer thread. It was a succession of beads of sound leaping up from her larynx; diminishing, and diminishing, and diminishing, (these words are too long,) to an invisible point, and all, to the perceptible last, so clear! You have heard a smooth pebble as it danced along the glaze ice! I never heard such a laugh but once since. A few weeks ago, I was walking in Piccadilly at one o'clock in the morning, that is to say, in the west-end vocabulary, *evening*—to prevent mistakes, I mean it was one hour past midnight. I heard such a laugh, (on the opposite side of the way, note ye,) from one of the merry misérables who parade London streets at that hour, perhaps shelterless. It was my mother's laugh! and she had been dead thirty-five years. She died young—in her youth.

"I was born within some hundred yards of the termination of a wooded hill, the slope of which abruptly closed in the precipitous banks of a rugged and roaring stream, well characterized by its name, which, in the language of the country, is Stone, or Rock breaker. Perhaps I imbibed the froth and impetuosity of my character from a sympathy with that stream. There stood, and yet stands—but oh, how changed!—a little white-washed cottage, trelliced with honeysuckles and roses; the perfume from which, even across this gulf of time and distance, I can inhale in imagination. A small garden, the ground of which was stolen from the domains of the woody hill, looked laughingly down on the cottage, and was circumscribed by a wall of rough, unhewn fragments from the neighbouring rocks. This wall was my father's handy-work: for a gate, a gap had been left in the building, which was reached by ascending three larger fragments embedded—mud, I suppose, was the cement used—

in the lower part of the wall,—three jutting stones."

It will be seen that Charles Pemberton commanded a graphic pen. He received a tolerably good plain education in Birmingham, where he became an apprentice to an uncle, a brass-founder. His situation here was uncomfortable, and he was probably wayward; for he had been born with a truant disposition: so at seventeen he ran off to Liverpool; was kidnapped by a press-gang; and for seven years remained on ship-board, under his mother's name of Reece. Of his life for the next twenty years, there is no satisfactory account. He was an actor and manager in some of the West India islands; but he had roamed over the whole world; and was in his own words, "acquainted with all classes of society, as with all coasts of country; and had been subjected to all manner of vicissitudes:" emphatically, a WANDERER. His original talents were quick, and lively, though, probably, not profound; and the world had been his school. It is not exactly known when he returned to England; but in 1828 he was found lecturing, reciting, and acting in the towns of the Midland Counties. "It was," says his biographer, "quite impossible for Pemberton to live in any place but for a day or two, without making devoted friends; and, consequently, though partially neglected by the public, he met with many enthusiastic admirers of himself and his abilities." The man, and his dispositions, we should imagine, must have been more remarkable than the abilities; yet he must have possessed merit of no ordinary kind to arrest the attention of so good and practised a judge as Serjeant Talfourd; who fancied that he had, in seeing Pemberton perform at the Hereford Theatre, discovered either a new Kean, or some great original genius. The account which Serjeant Talfourd sent of the provincial performer to the *New Monthly Magazine*, and his recommendation to Mr. Charles Kemble, brought Mr. Pemberton to London; where his success did not correspond with the hopes of his friends, though he obtained great praise. Of his appearance, it is said: "The newspapers of the day, in discussing his merits, contradicted themselves, and each other, even more than they usually do; and that proves that they understand little or nothing of the subject on which they wrote. There are, and have been, some noble exceptions; but, generally speaking, newspaper

critics judge of acting, not by what should be, but by what has been." Serjeant Talfourd showed up the discordant judgments of the newspaper critics with great unction. Pemberton's appearance in London did him no harm, but rather good, in the country, where he was already a favourite; but he seems to have preferred lecturing on the Drama, and what he called *Social Readings* and Recitation, to engagements as an actor. In these exhibitions he was very successful; and his fame spreading far and wide, his services, as a lecturer, were in general request among the Literary Societies and Mechanics' Institutions, both of London and the country. To the members of Mechanics' Institutions he took the greatest pleasure in addressing himself, and from the best motives: for "he had at heart the improvement of the people: and after the means of a bare subsistence, he cared little for pecuniary advantages, so that he could have the opportunity of doing good."

"The funds of many Mechanics' Institutions were materially augmented by the attractions of his lectures; and wherever the poverty of a Society stood in the way of his engagement, he was usually (perhaps invariably) willing to accommodate his terms to the circumstances of the case. At Birmingham he was very popular, and attracted as crowded audiences as ever assembled in that town. In 1834, he visited Sheffield for the first time. After the delivery of a course of lectures to the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, he was engaged by the Committee of the Mechanics' Institution; and from that time he was an established favourite in the town. He lectured again to the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution in the spring of 1835, and delivered a subscription course on Shakspeare's Characters in that town towards the end of the same year. In 1836, he performed Macbeth and Shylock at the Birmingham Theatre, for the benefit of the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution, and on both occasions that large theatre was filled to overflowing."

Among his warmest admirers at Sheffield was Ebenezer Elliott, and in many respects they were congenial spirits. To the genius and intellectual energy of Elliott, Pemberton had, indeed, no pretensions; but both were distinguished by the same glowing philanthropy, and burning hatred of oppression. Mr. Pemberton was pursuing, in his own walk, a popular and profitable course when

his health failed. After a residence in the south of Europe, in 1837, he became, as he imagined, much better; though, on his return, his friends perceived the most distressing change in the whole physical man. Yet, during the excitement of his public exhibitions, the mind partially recovered its native buoyancy, and triumphed over bodily infirmities. What Mr. Fowler tells, reminds one of the picture given of John Knox in his last feeble days; crawling, with pain and difficulty, up to the pulpit, there to be once again animated by the fiery, consuming zeal which quickly made him "like to drive it in blads, and flee out of it." As Pemberton's health failed, his friends became extremely anxious about him; and what seems to have been almost a spontaneous subscription was privately raised to enable him to try the effects of the climate of Egypt, which had been recommended in consumptive cases. His letters in this volume—and beautiful letters they are—give an account of this Tour in search of health. It failed of the desired end. His illness had, indeed, gone too far to leave grounds for rational hope before he ceased to lecture, or left England; and his bodily sufferings appear to have been far more constant and acute than those which attend the ordinary forms of consumptive disease. He became home-sick, and returned to England. He died in his brother's house, in Birmingham, in the spring of 1840, "serenely and happily." His remains were borne to the grave by some members of the Mechanics' Institution. The papers of Pel Verjuice in *The Monthly Repository*, had given him some celebrity in one region of the literary world; and his worth and talents appear to have been highly appreciated by Mr. W. J. Fox, who delivered an address in his chapel in Finsbury on the occasion of Pemberton's death. It is stated:—

"The whole service was affecting and solemn; and the following incidental lines, written by Ebenezer Elliott, were repeated while 'tears were flowing all round:'"

POOR CHARLES.

"Shunned by the rich, the vain, the dull,
Truth's all-forgiving son,
The gentlest of the beautiful,
His painful course hath run;
Content to live, to die resign'd
In meekness, proud of wishes kind,
And duties nobly done.

"A god-like child hath left the earth;
In heav'n a child is born:

Cold world! thou could'st not know his worth,
And well he earned thy scorn;
For he believed that all may be,
What martyrs are in spite of thee—
Nor wear thy crown of thorn:

"Smiling he wreathed it round his brain,
And dared what martyrs dare;
For God, who wastes nor joy nor pain,
Had 'armed his soul to bear:'
But vain his hope to find below,
That peace which Heav'n alone can know;
He died—to seek it there."

A monument has been erected to his memory in the cemetery at Birmingham, bearing an inscription, which must not be called flattering, from the pen of Mr. W. J. Fox. It says well for human nature that Pemberton found so many friends; and well for him who, after a life of hardship, trial, and vicissitude, not alone maintained the integrity and independence of his mind, but the kindness and sweetness of disposition which attracted universal regard. He had detractors, too; but how could so warm-hearted and warm-tempered a man, who had been but a poor, strolling player, and was, at best, an itinerant lecturer, want them in the regions of "fat, contented ignorance?"

The idea of what Pemberton called *Social Readings*, is worth being made known. One can fancy no more pleasant or profitable manner of young men or women spending an evening than in the way here described:

"He occasionally gave lectures on Social Reading, which, in places where he was known, were very attractive. It is scarcely possible to conceive of a more pleasant mode of spending an evening than was experienced by those who enjoyed these rare opportunities. Surrounded by several hundreds of intelligent individuals, he would sit in the midst; and, after briefly speaking of the advantages to be derived from reading aloud in social parties, then proceed to read from a book a tale or essay on some subject of general interest. The authors, from whose works he usually made selections, are those who, to grace and freedom of expression, unite sentiments to which humanity instinctively responds. Whether he read for a long or a short time, his hearers never tired: the ease, elegance, and efficiency of his style completely captivated them. It was delightful to see the care-worn faces in his audience gradually assume aspects of happiness. . . . His taste and skill were perhaps seldom shown to greater advantage than in the manner in which he modulated his voice

in these illustrations of Social Reading. If, for instance, he was reading a tale, he did not act, nor narrate it; he simply read it: and yet with every change of scene or circumstance his voice rose or fell, softened or swelled as the occasion required.

"The peculiarities of some of the British poets were frequently examined and illustrated by Pemberton. . . . To many he was the first herald of the sweet influences of poetry. Byron, Elliott, Coleridge, Hemans, and others, living and dead, who stir the blood, quicken the affections, or expand the intellect by their 'might of mind,' had in him a worthy expositor."

What follows shows that Sergeant Talfourd could not have been altogether mistaken in his man. Pemberton must have had fine and versatile talents for the stage.

"It was, however, on Shakspeare's tragic characters that Pemberton most delighted to discourse. On them he lavished all his resources of art, and all his powers of thought: they were the study of the best part of his life. . . . Had a book been written by himself—in which should have appeared every material word he uttered on the subject—it would not have given more than an outline of his design. His own language in print, graphic as it is, does not convey his full meaning: it wants the vitality, which he could infuse by his voice, look, and action. His lectures on Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, and King John, were more satisfying to the mind than most theatrical performances of those tragedies."

Pemberton's liberal politics, and the tone of his general opinions, must have helped to commend him to the affections of some of his auditors; while his manners and accomplishments formed—

The spell o'er hearts,
Which Acting only lends;

the charm by which—

Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

This is an art quite independent of spouting, mouthing, grimace, and all sorts of affectation, well worthy of cultivation by our itinerant lecturers, and one, the cultivation of which would, we are persuaded, well repay them.

COLLECTIONS OF CAPT. ROSS.

Capt. James Ross's collection of natural history from New Zealand, Terra del Fuego, the Falkland Islands, and the south-polar regions, has been sent to the British Museum.—*Lit. Gazette.*

HEROISM IN FRANCE.

A CURIOUS document is published in the *Moniteur*, in the shape of a report of all heroic deeds and acts of devotion which have come within the cognizance of the Minister of the Interior, from the 5th of January to the 9th of August, and are deemed by him worthy to be distinguished by some honourable recompense. The greater portion of them consist in the saving of persons from drowning and fire, and a very large proportion of the actors are public servants either in the civil or military department. The first instance on the list is very remarkable. A young girl of eighteen, returning from Nantua to Brenor, on the 24th of December, had missed her way while crossing the mountains of Ain, a chain which is bordered by frightful precipices. Enveloped in a dense mist, and deceived by the darkness of the night, the unfortunate girl contrived to make her way by successive descents across a series of steep rocks, when suddenly missing her footing she was precipitated down an abyss, but by a miraculous chance was retained in her fall by the branch of a tree protruding from the almost perpendicular side of the precipice. Her cries of distress attracted several of the inhabitants of Neyrolles, who came with torches and endeavoured to afford her succour, but were unable even to perceive her. Fires were kept up throughout the night, and she was called on to take patience till the morrow. At last the day dawned, and several persons adventured to climb up the rock, but at a certain distance it was impossible to proceed further without making a regular escalade, and she could only be saved by one who feared not to expose his life. Such a one was Carrod, the father of a family, who devoted himself to this act, and, after fronting a thousand dangers, at last succeeded in delivering the unfortunate girl, who had remained suspended over the abyss for twenty-two hours. Another instance of persevering courage took place near Aiguesmortes. Three women were returning from the town of Cette, when at the entrance of the canal a storm assailed them, and their frail craft was suddenly submerged. It was then five in the morning, and a man of the name of Moulin, a witness of the catastrophe, threw himself into the canal. After the most unheard-of efforts he was at last fortunate enough to seize and bring to shore the three wrecked women. This act was rewarded by a first-class silver

medal. One of the acts of heroism recorded is connected with a somewhat curious circumstance, namely, the falling into the Garonne of a lady aéronaut, while attempting an ascent in her balloon. The lady's name is Lartet, and she was saved by a young man of twenty years of age, a baker's apprentice, a stranger to the town, and who threw himself into the river down a deep descent of more than twenty-five feet, without any previous knowledge of the character of the stream into which he was adventuring. One of the names in the list of these exemplary characters is that of a little girl of twelve years of age, Demoiselle Boyer, who succeeded in saving two children and a young girl of fourteen, who had fallen into the large basin of Montfauçon.

THE DESTINY OF GREECE.

THE experiment of giving a King to Greece was the first blunder of the European Cabinets. In their fear of choosing badly they chose a Bavarian boy, who has at last been brought to a sense of his danger, if not to the use of his discretion. An insurrection taught him at last that Greece was not Germany, and that a prince was expected to do other things than build frightful palaces in the presence of the Parthenon, play the German corporal among the descendants of the Athenians and Spartans, and give dull balls to dull envoys with meerschaums in their mouths *ad infinitum*. The whole experiment of Greek independence has disappointed Europe. Greece has been ten years a monarchy, and yet she has produced nothing. She has been twenty years emancipated from the Turk, and yet how little is she the better for her emancipation? Under the Sultans she produced corn, wine, and oil, and she produces nothing more still.

Why are not all disqualifications removed from every class of Greece? Why not all onerous impositions taken off her commerce? Why is not native ability trained, brought forward, and employed in the business of public life? This is more than a Greek interest—it is an European necessity. The Government of the Turk approaches a change. England will not urge its downfall, but no human power can prevent its close. The only thing which she can prevent will be the seizure of Constantinople by Russia; and this she must prevent, if she would not see

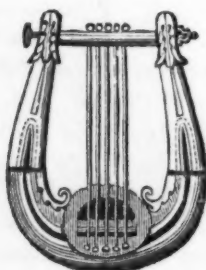
the Mediterranean swept by a Russian fleet. But this tremendous evil can be averted only by placing the key of the Straits in safe hands. The erection of a Greek empire must be the only means of securing Europe from a barbarian invasion once a year, until the powers of the invader and the invaded perish alike, and the hopes of Europe were sunk in the general sepulchre of her thrones.—*Britannia*.

STAINED GLASS.

THERE are some communications in the *Ecclesiologist* on the subject of stained glass, which yield one or two quoteable anecdotes. The spoliation of the rich windows in Tattershall Church, Lincolnshire, is thus related:—"Lord Exeter, not having learned the commandments, or not understanding, or totally disregarding, the eighth and the tenth, employed a man of the name of Banks, of Revesbay, to get possession of the glass for his lordship's use. Celerity and secrecy are essential to success in most schemes of spoliation; and as the townspeople had some sort of suspicion that their church was marked as a prey to the spoiler, and were quite disposed to obstruct the robber in his work, Banks used such speed, and took down the glass so hastily, that no plan for its rearrangement could be observed: part of it, however, was put up in the chapel at Burleigh, part sent to Warwick for Lord Warwick's castle, and part, says Gough, still remains unpacked; and thus was this noble church—one of the noblest, one of the finest specimens of masonry in the kingdom—ruthlessly despoiled; and it was left for many, many years without any glass whatever in its magnificent windows, open to all the winds and snows and storms of very many successive winters."—The church at Stoke Golding, a village in Leicestershire, two miles south-west of Hinckley, formerly possessed some beautiful windows, "a great quantity of which, with figures of the four evangelists, was taken down and carried off by the very person above all others—at least so report says—who ought to have watched most jealously for its preservation, even the incumbent of the parish. But as there have been various incumbents within the last hundred years, it would be unjust to the innocent to confound them thus vaguely with the guilty; and, as the name was mentioned to

me, so, in justice to others, I at once say that the incumbent alluded to was Dr. Staunton. He persuaded the parishioners, it would seem, that the glass needed fresh setting, and the lead had perished; and he undertook to have the whole windows perfectly re-set, and in the very best manner, if he was allowed to send them to a house in London, 'in which he had confidence.' Meanwhile, common glass windows were to be provided till these could be returned. But they never did return; and to this day, said my informant, we are in utter ignorance of every thing respecting our windows, excepting that they are totally lost to us. The very natural conclusion in his mind was, that Dr. Staun-

ton had sold them; for he never would account for them, and made all sorts of evasive replies to all questions respecting them: and the natural conclusion seems to me the just one, and not in the least less charitable than the circumstances of the case fairly admit of. And if the fact was that Dr. Staunton sold these windows, then he sold what he stole; and a more flagrant case of fraud and deception could be instanced of few men. Hundreds have been hanged, and thousands transported, for offences not surpassing this in depravity and villany. The loss to the parish is of course irreparable."—*Athenæum*.



From Ainsworth's Magazine for March.

THE DEATH OF THE PAUPER PEASANT.*

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied."
GOLDSMITH.

'NEATH the summer's sun, and the winter's snow,
Through youth and manhood's time,
He won by the toil that furrowed his brow,
Deep in his early prime,
The homely food, and the garments rude,
And shelter from wind and weather;
Up—up with the sun, his work was begun
Ere the birds sprung from the heather.
Plough—sow—delve away,
The harder the work, the less the pay;
Do we not know
The world goes so?

But the shelter that kept out weather and winds,
Had the magical name of home;
A word that is dearer to English minds
Than palace or lordly dome.
There were garments rude, and homely food,
For a little loving band;
And a wife was there, once young and fair,
To clasp the horny hand,

* See case reported in the *Times*, Dec. 1843.

And bless it—through God—that its strength could
give,
Not store for old age—but the means to live!
For the poor have hearts—and 'tis thought they
know,
A feeling of joy from one of woe.

Old Age—he hath passed by years the span
That the Psalmist, we know, "measured out to
man,"

And Fortune, the blind, for him doth rehearse
The mournful and terrible Roman curse.
His children have grown greyheaded—and died,
Why doth he not lie in the grave beside?
For England is bleak to the poor and old,
She knoweth no worth but the worth of gold;
She doth not attempt to understand
The noble labour of head or hand;
Her soul must be dead, if it never mounts
To a Heaven beyond "red-lined accounts!"

And the horny hand is feeble now,
And the full bright eye is dim;
And his scanty hairs are white as snow,
And he totters in every limb.
Yet may it not be, that memory
Lives through the wreck of years?
Does he call on Death, with that gasping breath,
And the fast descending tears?

Oh! the world is cold
To the poor and old,
For he cannot work, and he doth not steal,
And only the poor for him can feel!

'Tis Poverty gaunt the shelter gives,
And a homely couch spreads there;
Though she can no more, and only lives
Herself on the scantiest fare.
But she *hath* kind words, that wake the chords
Of grateful tenderness!
Oh, spoils the least, of the wealthy's feast,
Would soothe the hours' distress!
But the Law says, "No,
It must *not* be so;
Away from the scene that mirrors Home—
Away, to the parish workhouse come!"

Life's sands are ebbing few and fast;
Thank God, he hardly knows at last,
The meaning of the words they say!
"Up—up, Old Man! come—come away,
Through cold and wet December's day!"
But harsher than the melting sky
The hearts that turn him forth—to die.

A pauper dies—what matter where?
Or how he lives, they little care.
Is Poverty so deep a crime?
Bears it the brand—the serpent's slime,
So plainly marked, that by its side
Seems fair the selfish heart of pride?
That Idleness and Luxury
Are worthier held than Poverty?
No! Honour to the stalwart hand,
And honour to the labouring band!
And though the Pauper's winding sheet
Is all Old England now can mete
To him who tilled her fruitful soil,
Till Age forbade the hand to toil;
Deep in the heart such things shall sink—
Deep in the hearts that feel and think,
Until OPINION'S mighty sway
Shall wipe the Nation's stain away!

From Hood's Magazine.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

THE lady laid in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still;
For turning often and oft
From side to side, she muttered and moaned,
And tossed her arms aloft.
At last she started up,
And gazed on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.
The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme,
And the light that fell on the brodered quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried:
"Oh me! that awful dream!"
"That weary, weary walk,
In the churchyard's dismal ground!"

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And those horrible things, with shady wings,
That came and flitted round,
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound!
"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;—
And the voice that cried, 'For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb!'"
"For the pomp and pleasure of pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;—"
And then he pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!
"And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
Of such a world of wo!
"Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life
That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease, and hunger, pain, and want;
But now I dreamt of them all!
"For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor,
Who begged—to bury the dead;
The naked, alas, that I might have clad,
The famished I might have fed!
"The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long-forgotten years;
Aye, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who raised my childish fears!
"Each pleading look, that long ago
I scanned with a heedless eye;
Each face was gazing as plainly there,
As when I passed it by;
Wo, wo, for me, if the past should be
Thus present when I die!
"No need of sulphurous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind,
Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
Will wring my sinful soul!
"Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God!
"I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever is good—
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;

But I never remembered the wretched ones,
That starve for want of food!

"I dressed as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked limbs,
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it was never in my soul
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart!"

She clasped her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme;
And yet, oh yet, that many a dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE POOR MAN'S EVENING HYMN.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

God of the poor man! hear us,
Thou Giver of all good!
At this our meal be near us—
Bless, bless our humble food!
We have been toiling through the day,
Sleep hangs upon each brow!
But through the dim night hear us pray,
Look down, and bless us now!

God of the poor man! heed us
As thus on bended knee,
For all thou hast decreed us,
We praise and glory Thee!
Thy hands that made the wealthy,
Unmake them at thy will;
They made us strong and healthy,
May we remain so still!

God of the poor man! listen
To those whose all is gone,
To those whose eyelids glisten
With sorrow deep and lone!
Oh! answer, we beseech Thee,
Their broken, anguish'd prayer;
Let their dark woes first reach Thee,
Then beam on us now here!

God of the poor man! lowly
His heart with love doth beat;
He hath no gift more holy
To deck Thy mercy-seat.
Take it, Our Father! though it be
Shaded with earthly sin;
Nought else hath he to offer Thee,—
Oh! make it right within!

God of the poor man! shining
Amidst his little cot,
Though fortune be declining,
With Thee, how bright his lot?

Guard now the night before us,—
Let quiet slumber come;
Spread, spread Thy mantle o'er us,
And bless the poor man's home!

From the Court Journal.

TO THE BRAVE HEARTS!

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings."
FORD.

To the Brave Hearts! Not theirs who rush
To lead the furious Van,
When rising passions wildly crush
Fear from the heart of Man;
When Nations look as Umpires on,
And Honour must be lost or won!

To the Brave Hearts! No senate throng,
Upheld by iron will;
Whose constancy in right or wrong
Belongs to Action still;
Whose party-friends do cheer them on,
While Honour must be lost or won!

Drink to the Hearts which do not break,
But suffer, and are true!
Not of a radiant beauty speak,
But cheeks of pallid hue.
To mortal eyes their crowns are dim!
But fill the goblet to the brim!

To Genius, doomed with drooping wing
To toil a sad life through,
Yet keeps itself a holy thing,
With holy work to do.
To them who ne'er such birthright sold—
Abused God's gift—for tempting gold!

To Woman, in her common course,
(True heroine's destiny,)
Who finds endurance still the source
Of all her bravery.
Than warriors' courage more divine;
So pour to Hers the sparkling wine!

To them who, racked by mortal pain,
Yet do not lose their trust;
Where Mind doth o'er the body reign,
Till this resolves to dust.
To Hearts that suffer, and are true,
Be minstrels' praise, and honour due!

From Tait's Magazine for March.

MUSCA MORIBUNDA.

FROM THE GREEK.

WASTE not on me one pitying line;
Ambition's glorious fate is mine!
With heedless, rapturous haste I flew,
Lured by those eyes of witching blue.
The dazzling sheen betrayed my sight,
And now I sink to endless night.
Mine eyes grow dim; my senses reel;
No fears, no lingering pangs I feel;
No vain regrets; a joyful death I die:
Quench'd in the crystal of Parthenias' eye.

SWYNFEN JERVIS.

From Blackwood's Magazine for March.

HYMN OF A HERMIT.

LONG the day, the task is longer;
Earth the strong by heaven the stronger.
Still is call'd to rise and brighten,

But, alas! how weak the soul;
While its inbred phantoms frighten,
While the past obscures the whole.

Shadows of the wise departed,
Be the brave, the loving-hearted;
Deathless dead, resounding, rushing,
From the morning-land of hope
Come, with viewless footsteps, crushing
Dreams that make the winged ones grope.

Socrates, the keen, the truthful,
In thy hoary wisdom youthful;
Smiling, fear-defying spirit,
From beside thy Grecian waves,
Teach us Norsemen to inherit
Thoughts whose dawn is life to graves.

Rome's Aurelius, thou the holy
King of earth, in goodness lowly,
From thy ruins by the Tiber,
Look with tearless aspect mild,
Till each agonizing fibre
Like thine own is reconciled.

Augustinus, bright and torrid
Isles of green in deserts horrid
Once thy home, thy likeness ever!
We with sword no less divine
Would the good and evil sever,
In a larger world than thine.

Soft Petrarca, sweet and subtle,
Weaving still, with silver shuttle,
Moony veils for human feeling—
Thine the radiance from above,
Half-transfiguring, half-concealing,
Wounds and tears of earthly love.

Saxon rude, of thundering stammer,
Iron heart, by sin's dread hammer
Ground to better dust than golden,
May thy prophecy be true.
Melt the stern, the weak embolden;
Teach what Luther never knew.

Pale Spinosa, nursed in fable,
Painted hopes and portent sable,
Then an opener wisdom finding,
Let thy round and wintry sun
Chase the lurid vapour, blinding
Souls that seek the Holy One.

Thou from green Helvetia roaming,
Meteor pale in misty gloaming,
With a breast too fiercely burning;
Generous, tuneful, frail Rousseau!
Would that all to truth returning,
Gave, like thee, a tear to woe!

Eye of clear and diamond sparkle,
Where the Baltic waters darkle,
Lonely German seer of Reason,
Great and calm as Atlas old;
Through our formless foggy season,
Short thine adamant cold.

Shelley, born of faith and passion,
Nobler far than gain and fashion;
Daring eaglet arm'd with lightning,
Firing soon thy native nest,
Still the eternal blaze is brightening
Ocean where thy pinions rest.

Heroes, prophets, bards, and sages,
Gods and men of climes and ages,
Conquerors of lifelong sorrow,
Torment that ye made your throne,
Help, Oh! help in us the morrow,
Full of triumph like your own. J. S.

From Blackwood's Magazine for March.

THE OLYMPIC JUPITER.

CALM the Olympian God sat in his marble fane,
High and complete in beauty too pure and vast to
wane;
Full in his ample form, Nature appear'd to spread;
Thought and sovran Rule beam'd in his earnest
head;
From the lofty foliaged brow, and the mightily
bearded chin,
Down over all his frame was the strength of a life
within.

Lovely a maid in twilight before the vision knelt,
Looking with upturn'd gaze the awe that her spirit
felt.
Hung like the skies above her was bow'd the mon-
arch mild,
Hearing the whisper'd words of the fair and pant-
ing child.
—Could she be dear to him as dew to ocean are,
Be in his wreath a leaf, on his robes a golden star!
Could she as incense float around his eternal throne,
Sound as the note of a hymn to his deep ear alone!

Lo! while her heart adoring still to the god ex-
hales,
Speech from his glimmering lips on the silent air
prevails:
—"Child of this earth, bewilder'd in thine aerial
dream,
Turn thee to Powers that are, and not to those that
seem.
All of fairest and noblest filling my graven form
First in a human spirit was breathing alive and
warm.
Seek thou in him all else that he can evoke from
nought,
Seek the creative master, the king of beautiful
thought."

Down the eyes of the maiden sank from the Thun-
derer's look,
Pale in her shame and terror, and yet with delight
she shook
Swift on her brow she felt a crown by the god be-
stow'd,
Shading her face that now with a hope too lively
glow'd.
Bending the Sculptor stood who wrought the work
divine,
Godlike in voice he spake—"Ever, oh, maid be
mine!" J. S.



ART AND SCIENCE.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE REAPER'S RETURN.

Painted by Wm. Hamilton, R. A.—Engraved by J. Sartain.

"Breathe your still song into the reaper's sheath,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies; effuse your mildest beams
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre."—THOMSON.

THE subject chosen as the illustration of our present number is from the *truly splendid* folio edition of "Thomson's Seasons," embellished with designs by Hamilton, engraved by Peltro Tompkins. These designs are probably among the most meritorious of this artist's works, and entitle their author to a higher niche on the pinnacle of fame than has been allotted to him. They possess a sentiment and feeling that may be sought in vain in works of greater celebrity, and yet, without these qualities, what, after all, is art.

"We leave to learned fingers and wise hands,
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, &c."

Without this soul, sentiment, or poetry, the most faultless productions, (artistically,) are without value, and it is because this series by Hamilton are so imbued with it that we speak thus highly of them. An examination of these pastoral sketches, leaves an impression on the mind not unlike that produced by a perusal of "As you like it." We have seen *two* of the originals in oil colours,—*"Acasto's Daughter,"* at the retired home of her mother, and in the field gleaning; they were rich in colour and in an exceedingly free and graceful style of execution, having the appearance of being dashed off almost at a single sitting.

This artist was an early student of the Royal Academy, and afterwards attained the highest honours of the institution. He went to Italy under the patronage of Adams the architect, and studied under Zucchi, the painter in Arabesque. This style he occasionally practiced on his return to England, as well as Portraiture, but his chief aim was in History. He died in December, 1801, aged fifty-one, as much lamented by his friends on ac-

count of his virtues as by artists for his professional talents.

ENGLAND.

STEAM-VESSELS.—A singular calamity has just taken place, which recalls the speculation that endeavoured to account for the melancholy fate of the *President* steamer; and having, unlike that ill-fated vessel, left survivors to describe its events, at once gives a probable key to that dreary secret, and should furnish useful warnings for future application to the architecture of steam-ships. The *Elberfeldt* Dutch steam-vessel, on her way from Rotterdam to London, has been totally wrecked under novel and remarkable circumstances. "The *Elberfeldt* sailed from the Brielle on the 22d ult. under light and variable winds. Upon nearing the English coast, Mr. Bushe, a passenger, remarked that the ship's working appeared to be different from when they left Brielle, and that there was a strong vibration of the vessel. Scarcely had these remarks been made, when his suspicions were but too truly confirmed; he begged of Captain Stranach to order the boat to be in readiness, for he was convinced that the vessel, being constructed of iron, would afford but a few minutes to save themselves. While this conversation was taking place, an indication of a plain nature gave warning that their fears were well-grounded; for about 10 minutes to 3 o'clock, P. M., she broke completely in half in the middle. Mr. Bushe rushed up stairs, and himself and two others fell headlong into the boat at the moment she was launched. Mr. Bushe then took the rudder of the boat, and kept her head to wind as she was rowed stern foremost towards the vessel to save the remainder of the crew. This was a dreadful moment to all: the wreck presented a most awful, yet grand spectacle; the boiler, bursting by the collapse, threw up immense volumes of steam and fountains of water, and the vessel went down with a loud explosion. The captain and several others were, with much difficulty, taken into the boat. Three persons were unfortunately lost. Captain Stranach and Mr. Bushe described the whole occurrence as a dream; for, from her breaking to her going down, not more than five minutes elapsed."



JAMES DEAN AND KELLY

MAINTAINED IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

In reading the story of this instant destruction, wherein the elements had no part, we almost feel as if we had got hold of some authentic narrative by which the mystery of the *President* was at length solved. Night, and no survivor, and we have, again, the same wild catastrophe—most probably the same sad and strange tale in all its parts. At any rate, the construction of iron vessels, with their enormous weight of engines, coal, and water, amidst ships, is a subject which must be forced upon the naval architect, and *should* upon the government, by this direct and authentic evidence; and there are other questions connected with provision for the saving of crews and passengers in cases of shipwreck from other causes, happening to vessels made of iron, which should come, as morals, out of this interesting narrative.—*Athenæum*.

AUTOMATON CALCULATOR.—*Institute of Civil Engineers.*—Dr. Roth's automaton calculator was exhibited, and its action explained by Mr. Wertheimer. He gave a short review of the various attempts at constructing calculating-machines, noticing the Roman abacus; the calculating boxes of the Chinese and of the Russians; the several classes of instruments invented by Napier, in 1617; by Perault and others, in 1720 and subsequently; the slide-rule, invented by Michael Scheffelt of Ulm in 1699; the more important machines attempted by Pascal, in 1640; by Moreland, in 1673; by Gersten and by Leibnitz, which were submitted to the Royal Society in London, and the Académie de Sciences in Paris. He then mentioned the machine of Mr. Babbage, the finished part of which, forming tables of progression up to five figures, is in the Museum of King's College, London. The principle of Dr. Roth's machine had been adopted as counters for rotary or reciprocating machines; and they appeared, from the compactness of their form and their regularity of action, to be well adapted for the purpose.—A collection of specimens were exhibited of a new material for architectural decoration; it was termed the "carnabic composition," and was stated to be composed of hemp with a resinous mixture, which, after a careful preparation in sheets, was forced by powerful presses into metal moulds, producing very sharp ornaments in high relief. The ornaments were stated to be so hard as to bear a blow of a hammer; they were very light and elastic, resisting the action of heat or cold, and of water, without change of form. Mr. Ponsonby explained that the specimens were capable of being bronzed, gilt, or painted, so as to produce an excellent effect for ceilings and other internal decorations.—*Lit. Gazette*.

WINGLESS BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND.—*Royal Institution.*—Professor Owen gave a communication "On the Wingless Birds of New Zealand." In the year 1839 there arrived in this country, from New Zealand, a fragment of the shaft of a bone of some unknown animal, supposed to have existed in those islands during the historical period. From this single relic, deficient in those terminal processes to which the zoologist looks for a clue to his researches into the probable forms and habits of extinct animals, Professor Owen inferred that this bone must have belonged to a struthious bird, about the size of an ostrich, but resembling the extinct Dodo of the Mauritius. Since that time, other bones, belonging to

birds of the same family, but of different species have reached England, and established, beyond all doubt, the justice of Mr. Owen's inference, made four years ago, on such scanty data. The great point of Mr. Owen's communication on Friday, was to explain the process of reasoning which led him to this result. Looking into the interior of the piece of bone he had to examine, he observed that its cancellous structure was less fine and fibrous than that of any of the long bones of a mammiferous animal—that it was still less like the bone of a reptile, which is generally solid throughout—that with respect to the remaining order of the animal kingdom, the birds, the structure of this bone, its density and size, proved that, though the bone of a bird, it could not belong to any that were organized for flight. Mr. Owen also remarked, that although a sufficient supply of various bones of the leg and foot of this bird had subsequently been received by him to enable him to characterize several species, there had not appeared any bones of wings. Hence, he concluded that this bird must have resembled—only on a gigantic scale—the Apteryx (the wingless bird) of Australia. Mr. Owen called attention to a specimen of Apteryx, lent by the Council of the Zoological Society. He noticed the long beak of this bird, resembling the bill of a woodcock, its legs, like those of a fowl, attached to a trunk like that of a cassowary; and then appealed against the reasoning which disputed the reality of the Dodo's existence, because the same sort of body and legs was found on that bird united with a beak resembling that of a vulture. Mr. Owen stated, that, on visiting the Hague, he saw there a picture, painted soon after the Dutch had become possessed of the Island of Mauritius, and in a corner of this picture was a figure of the Dodo, extremely small, but so elaborately finished as to enable a zoologist to characterize its species. Mr. Owen then offered some speculations as to the extensive distribution of the struthious birds over the surface of the earth in remote ages. He referred to the recently discovered foot-prints of a bird, similar to this gigantic wingless bird of New Zealand (to which he has given the name *Dinornis*), in the sandstone of Connecticut. With respect to the country from which these bones have been received, it appears to abound with ferns, whose roots are rich in farinaceous substance, well calculated for the support of the kind of bird to which they are ascribed. When it is remembered that the only animal found in New Zealand at the time of its discovery by Europeans was a small species of rat, it seems extremely probable that this vast bird, having inhabited these islands, as it inhabited other remote countries, before they were occupied by man, was destroyed by the first settlers, who then, as may be conjectured, having acquired a taste for animal food, and finding no other, took to eating one another. Mr. Owen illustrated his discourse by a conjectural diagram of the figure of the *Dinornis*. Its height (which he supposes fourteen or fifteen feet from head to foot) was contrasted with that of the birds most nearly resembling it—the cassowary and the ostrich.—*Athenæum*.

CARNABIC.—*Society of Arts.*—The Secretary read a short account of Mr. Albano's new composition called "carnabic," numerous specimens being arranged around the room. The chief ingredient in

this composition is hemp, which, in connexion with other materials, undergoes a chemical process before being made, by means of machinery, into sheets of from six to seven feet in length and about forty inches in width; it may be formed into any required shape, and is peculiarly adapted for mouldings, cornices, &c. This material is only about one-sixth of the weight of the composition ordinarily used, and under one-fourth of papier mâché. The composition ordinarily used requires a long time before it is ready to receive paint and gilding, and if hurried by artificial heat, will crack to a very considerable extent. The least blow will cause fractures in it, whereas the new material is exceedingly tough, and may be thrown on the ground without injury. It may remain in water for any period, and it has already been applied successfully in France as a covering for roofs, and also for water buckets.—*Athenæum*.

PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.—Among the pictures belonging to the ancient family of Rawdon, recently acquired by Mr. Cribb, the picture-dealer, on the demise of the last of the race, has been discovered an original portrait of the celebrated Columbus. It represents him in a black dress, with white plaited ruff, and similar bands round the wrists. He is of manly carriage and noble presence, such as he is described by his son in Mr. Prescott's excellent history; the likeness indeed, agreeing in an extraordinary manner with that description, except that the hair of the head is black, whilst that of the beard is red, as stated in the account referred to. It is, however, evident that some meddler has injudiciously tried his hand on improving the former, and that the black hair was no part of the original. The countenance has the acquiline nose and fresh colour ascribed to Columbus; and his name is on the upper left corner of the picture, picked out clearly before the varnish was applied, and contemporaneously with the painting. The frame is a magnificent specimen of the arts at the end of the 16th century, viz. 1590; and bears the arms of Columbus and some other remarkable emblems on the centre above the head. From genealogical inquiries into the rank and condition of the wealthy mercantile branches of the Rawdons, it seems that they were very likely persons to possess such a work as this. We have only to add, that it is a fine Titian-looking production. It will, we presume, find its way to the royal or national collection; as there can be little or no doubt of its authenticity.—*Lit. Gazette*.

EOLIAN SEA SIGNALS.—Another method of applying the waves of the sea has been recently contrived, which promises more practical results than the propelling scheme. The object is to make the breakers on a dangerous coast serve as their own warning signals to sailors. The inventor proposes to have hollow buoys moored near the dangerous coast or sand bank, to which buoys pipes somewhat like organ pipes are to be affixed. Metal tongues, on the principle of accordions, are to be fitted to the pipes, so that when the buoys are tossed up and down by the breakers the air may be forced through, and cause them to utter warning sounds, which would become louder and louder as the sea raged more fiercely and the danger increased.—*Morning Post*.

MONUMENTS TO MEN OF GENIUS.—We adverted some short time since to that principle of the spirit of commemoration, in France, which aims at connecting the illustration of the particular locality which the foot of genius had honoured, with the distribution over the land of the fruits of its mind or benefits of its example. We are glad to see that this wise spirit, which is fast spreading over the Continent, has reached our own shores, and that the good people of Folkestone have opened a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to their immortal townsman, Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, on the site where he was born. Godwin, some half century since, published a little work in which he recommended that such memorials should be everywhere erected on the spot where the remains of the illustrious dead had been interred—but where they were born, or where they lived, is equally significant, and would have all the moral consequences which he attached to such remembrances.—*Athenæum*.

FRANCE.

A NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT.—The *Siècle* states that Dr. Junod of Paris has invented a new medical treatment, which he terms hemospasic, applicable to various diseases. This method consists in the employment of a pneumatic apparatus of a peculiar construction, in which the arm or leg is so placed as to attract the blood to the extremities without diminishing the mass of that fluid. The apparatus, which has been for some time in use both among the public and in the hospitals of Paris, has obtained the approbation of the most eminent French physicians. It gained for its author the Montyon prize, together with the congratulations and thanks of the Council-General of the Hospitals of Paris.—*Spectator*.

CANAL OF THE PYRENEES.—A project has been brought forward for cutting a "canal of the Pyrenees," to connect the Mediterranean with the Atlantic, and avoid the circuitous route by the coast of Spain. The plan, as it at present stands, was first matured by M. Galabert, member of the French Chamber of Deputies. The French legislature granted to a company that was to carry it into execution the property in perpetuity in the canal, with several other advantages, but required a deposit of 3,000,000 fr. until the act was passed. The subscriptions were completed, and the company was in active operation. In consequence of this deposit not having been made, the grant has remained subject to forfeiture; but nevertheless the scheme has not been abandoned, and the notion exists of raising capital in England.—*Times*.

COPYING INSCRIPTIONS.—*French Antiquarian Intelligence.*—The minister of the interior has issued a circular to the prefects of departments, enjoining them not to allow plaster-casts to be taken of sculptured work in any public monument under their control without especial authorisation; it having been found that much damage has been caused by careless persons in operations of this nature. The method of copying inscriptions and incised work by rubbings is now widely practised in France, though introduced there only two years ago by one of the English correspondents of the Comité Historique. The French method of using strong un-

sized paper, wetted and impressed into the cavities of inscriptions, &c., by means of a fine-haired brush, is also practised, and in some cases it is a better method than the former. The only objection to it is the length of time it requires, and perhaps its want of portability. It applies, however, to objects in low relief much better than the black-lead method.

CLOCKS ON CHURCHES.—The Comité Historique has loudly declared itself against the practice of putting up the dial-plates of clocks on the fronts of mediæval churches. Innumerable instances have occurred in which the fine effect of a front of the 13th or 14th centuries has been much spoiled by an inappropriate appendix of this kind. "Clocks," the Comité observe, "are better suited to the fronts of town-halls and mayories than to ecclesiastical buildings."

GERMANY.

Frankfort sur le Main.

LESSING AND VEIT.—Our Museum, as your readers know, has lately purchased the famous picture of Lessing, representing "Huss before the Council of Constance." This acquisition has been made, in spite of the advice of our director, Veit, for the sum of ten thousand Prussian *écus* (2,240*l.*) M. Veit was opposed to the purchase of this picture on religious grounds. He belongs to the school of Overbeck and Cornelius—that is to say, to the Catholic school, which is intolerant and exclusive.

In the *appendice* which M. Overbeck has published on the completion of his last picture, "The Resurrection of Art by Christianity," which has been likewise purchased by our Museum, he lays down the dogma, that "out of Catholicism there is no art!" Now M. Lessing is decidedly opposed to this dogma. In his last picture, "Huss before the Council of Constance," may be seen the grand and majestic figure of Huss, with one hand on a bible and the other on his heart, defending his principles before some cardinals, whose gestures and faces clearly announce that their victim is marked and condemned already. One cardinal, clothed in the sacramental vestments, appears to be drunk. Another, distinguished by the *finesse* of his features and the beauty of his hand, takes a certain interest in the discourse of Huss, but is interrupted by the *causerie* of his neighbour. In all this M. Veit sees great scandal for the Catholic Church, Apostolic and Roman; but as the directors of the Museum thought differently, and purchased the picture, contrary to his advice, M. Veit sent in his resignation. He has retired to a house of the Jesuits, where he will complete a large picture, on a biblical subject, ordered by the Catholics of the North of Germany. M. Veit is the cousin german of Mendelssohn, the composer, friend of Lessing, and recognized as one of the philosophers of his day. He was born a Jew, but embraced Protestantism: on finding, however, that it gave no inspiration for his art, he became Catholic. He occupies a distinguished rank among the modern families of Germany, and is the author of the much-admired frescoes of our Museum, representing Art and Christianity.

On dit that the Museum has offered the place of director to Lessing himself, who is at Dusseldorf; but it is not known at present if this grand artist will accept the charge, which, honourable though

it be, exacts much care and much time—more, perhaps, than an artist so renowned as Lessing can well afford.

In the course of a short time our Museum has made several very remarkable acquisitions. Besides a great picture of Lessing's, representing "Ezelino in Prison," it has purchased several *tableaux* by Rethel, Schröder, and Schadow. The last picture by M. Schadow, director of the school at Dusseldorf, has been purchased for six thousand thalers. And, moreover, the Museum has made the acquisition of many bas-reliefs, by the first Italian masters. Let the committee persist in its noble course of impartiality, in recognizing and recompensing talent of every creed—of all colours. M. A. W.—*Athenæum*.

ITALY.

LITHOGRAPHY.—From Rome we learn that a copper-plate engraver, Signor Lanzaruolo, has discovered a method of fixing on the lithographic stone the images obtained by the daguerrotype; so that a large number of impressions can be taken on the instant. The artist has presented to the Pope proofs of several of the monuments of the Eternal City, rendered by this process, which are said to be excellent. Letters from the same city mention a report, that, though full of strangers, including many of our own sight-loving public, there would be no carnival this year in the Papal city.—*Athenæum*.

RUSSIA.

A NEW CONSTANT BATTERY.—M. le Prince Pierre Bagration has invented a new and simple constant galvanic battery, the particulars of which have been communicated by M. Jacobi to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg. Its elements are zinc, copper, and sal ammoniac; common earth saturated with the latter acting as a porous diaphragm. A plate of copper and a plate of zinc, placed at a distance the one from the other in a flowerpot, or any other water-tight vessel, filled with earth saturated with a concentrated solution of sal ammoniac, form a voltaic pair, whose action will, after a short time, continue constant, and be maintained for whole months, and to every appearance, for years; the only care necessary being from time to time to remoisten the earth and renew the zinc. Before putting the copper plate into the earth, it should be plunged for some minutes in a solution of sal ammoniac and then left to dry, until it receive a greenish coating. This operation renders the effect of the battery much more prompt; and in regard to it, brass may be preferable to copper. The plates should not be too near to each other, nor too small, because the earth opposes great resistance to the current.

This form of battery is susceptible of many applications, but it will chiefly be useful where a constant and prolonged action, rather than energetic effect, is required—as, for example, in the reduction of metals, chemical decomposition, &c. It may be extended, however, to any quantity or intensity. Whenever a series of numerous elements be used, the vessels should be well insulated. M. Jacobi has had one of these sal-ammoniac batteries of twenty-four elements in action for six weeks, without the necessity of making the least change in it.—*Literary Gazette*.

GENERAL BERTRAND.—The tomb of Marshal Drouet D'Erlon was scarcely closed, when the country had to deplore a still more mournful loss. The faithful friend of the Emperor, the companion of his labours and long exile, General Bertrand, died on the 31st of January, at Chateauroux, his native town. Bertrand, serving as a National Guard, in 1793 joined a battalion voluntarily marching to the Tuileries to protect the king. He shortly afterwards entered the corps of engineers, rapidly rose to eminence, accompanied the expedition to Egypt, where he fortified several places, deserved the confidence of Bonaparte, and received almost at the same time the brevets of lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and general of brigade. After the battle of Austerlitz, where General Bertrand covered himself with glory, Napoleon took him as one of his aides-de-camp. He equally distinguished himself at Spandau, at Friedland, but particularly at the construction of the bridges on the Danube destined to facilitate the passage of the French army advancing on Wagram. That campaign, and the campaign of Russia, placed his talent and courage in so conspicuous a light, that the Emperor named him Grand Marshal of the Palace, after the death of Marshal Duroc. His achievements were as glorious at Lutzen, Brutzen, and Leipsic; and, if he sustained a check at the passage of the Elbe against Blucher, it must be ascribed to the fortune of war, which was just beginning to waver. It was Bertrand, however, who protected the retreat after the battle of Leipsic, by seizing on Weissenfeld and the bridge of the Saalh. His services were not less important after the battle of Hanau. On those two occasions, and in circumstances which followed the departure of the Emperor for Paris, Count Bertrand displayed the greatest activity in saving the remnants of the army, and generally saw all his plans and efforts crowned with all the success which it was possible to expect amidst so many disastrous events. On his return to Paris in 1814, General Bertrand was appointed Deputy Major-General of the National Guard, fought throughout the campaign of France, so astonishing by its successes and reverses, and followed Napoleon to the island of Elba. Having returned with the Emperor, he served him with his wonted devotedness. Subsequently to the fatal day of Waterloo he never quitted him; he accompanied him in his last exile, shared and soothed his misfortunes, and only returned to France when he had received his last breath. General Bertrand hailed with happiness the revolution of July, and the triumph of the national colours, illustrated by so many victories. It was with a deep emotion that ten years later he saluted the return of the ashes of the Emperor, brought back across the ocean by the Prince de Joinville, and that he beheld France paying to his great shade a glorious and unanimous homage. The name of General Bertrand was associated in that homage to the name of the Emperor, as the noblest model of honour and fidelity. It will remain united to it in future ages. History had seldom to record so pious a devotion, so unmovable a fidelity, so pure and noble a memory. It was not enough to have rendered himself illustrious by his

own labours, and the services he had rendered his country—Bertrand, by the worship he devoted to genius and misfortune, has elevated himself to the high regions in which the glory of Napoleon soars—that glory will save him from oblivion.—*Court Journal*.

MR. JOHN ADDISON, the celebrated composer and musician, whose name and works were so familiar with the (we may now say,) last generation, died on the 30th ult. at his residence, Camden Cottages, Camden Town, aged seventy-nine. He was much esteemed and respected by all who knew him.—*Literary Gazette*.

MAJOR POTTINGER.—The India papers announce the death of Major Eldred Pottinger, C. B., who expired at Government-house, Hong Kong, on the 5th of November. The *Friend of China* justly remarks:—"It is needless to pass an eulogy upon the character or merits of the hero of Herat and Cabul; his name will be enrolled by posterity amongst the foremost of those who, by their prudence, talent, and bravery, have served their country in emergencies which had appalled less noble minds."

VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH.—On the 15th instant died, at the White Lodge, Richmond-park, in the 87th year of his age, Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth. More than twelve years before his death Lord Sidmouth resigned a pension of £3,000 per annum, which was secured to him by law, and which he might have retained to his last hours; but which, feeling that from altered circumstances he no longer required it, he thought it right to relinquish. He had gradually withdrawn from all public employments, and almost even from honorary office. From the High Stewardship of Westminster he retired three or four years ago, and latterly retained only the situations of one of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity-house, one of the Benchers of Lincoln's-inn, and Deputy Ranger of Richmond-park. He was Speaker of the House of Commons from May, 1789, to March, 1801; First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, from March, 1801, to May, 1804; Lord President of the Council, 1805; Lord Privy Seal, 1806; and Secretary of State for the Home Department, from 1812 to 1822. His lordship was twice married, first to Ursula Mary, daughter of Leonard Hammond, Esq. by whom he has left one son, the present viscount, who is married, and has a family of eleven children.—*Standard*.

DR. SCHNELL.—The journal, the *Helvétie*, announces the death, by suicide, of a distinguished political writer and civilian, Dr. Schnell, the chief of a party in Switzerland making powerful head against the aristocratic section, and the most able of the editors of the *Volksfreund*, journal of Berthoud. He had left that town on a pedestrian excursion, which he hoped might bring relief to the acute pains from which he had been for some time suffering, and is supposed to have flung himself into the Aar under a fresh accession of his complaint, or of the despondency which it had occasioned.

